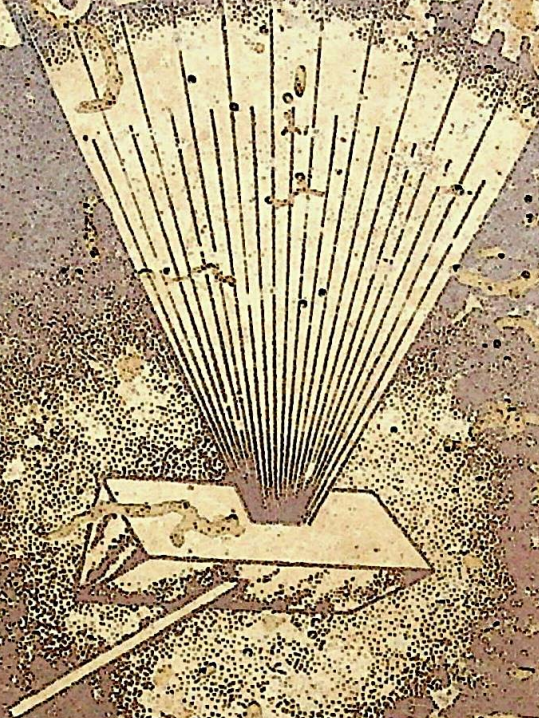
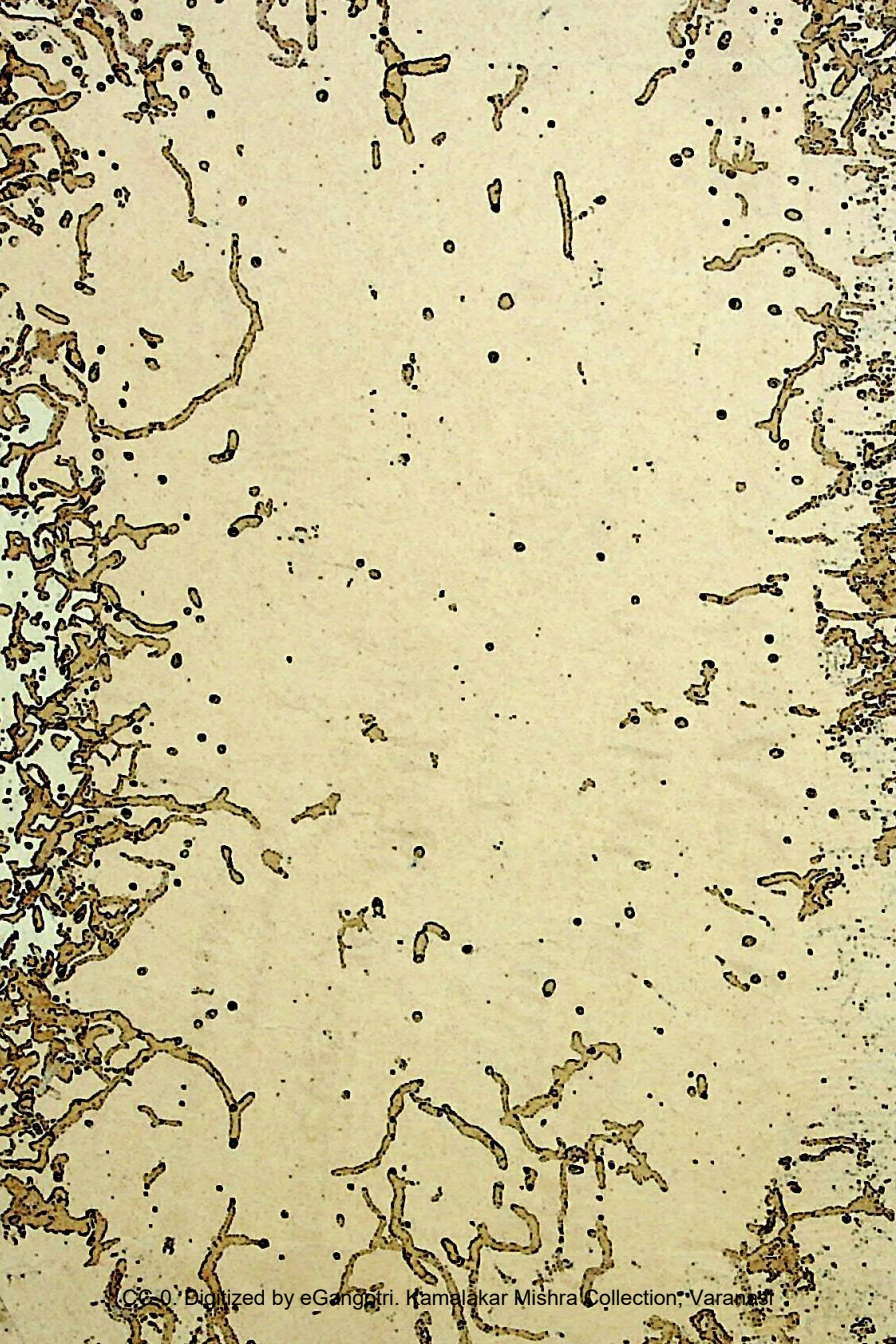


THE PRISM
OF
ENGLISH PROSE



GOKAL CHAND



Anglo Bengali
Benares

K. L. Kothari



THE PRISM OF ENGLISH PROSE

EDITED BY

GOKAL CHAND, M.A., T.D. (London)

Principal, K. F. Intermediate College, Allahabad.

THE INDIAN PRESS, LTD.
ALLAHABAD

1944

Price Rs. 2/4

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY K. MITTRA, AT
THE INDIAN PRESS, LIMITED, ALLAHABAD



CONTENTS

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Page

SOME REMINISCENCES OF THE BAR

M. K. Gandhi

1

BIOGRAPHY

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

T. B. Macaulay

8

CHARACTER-SKETCH

JOHN BULL

Washington Irving

25

CRITICISM

WHAT IS POETRY?

E. A. Greening Lamborn

40

DIARY

THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON

Samuel Pepys

51

DRAMA

THE GOLDEN DOOM

Lord Dunsany

60

ESSAY

OF REVENGE

Francis Bacon

80

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS

Joseph Addison

82

THE CONVALESCENT

Charles Lamb

87

A PLEA FOR GAS LAMPS

R. L. Stevenson

95

THE ARTLESS ART OF REPARTEE

Edward Sullivan

101

ON SAYING "PLEASE"

A. G. Gardiner

112

LETTER

LETTER TO HIS SON

Lord Chesterfield

121

NOVEL

THE SHARPER AND HIS COSMOGONY

Oliver Goldsmith

127

THE DICKWICKIANS ON THE ICE

Charles Dickens

135

ARABIAN NIGHTS FOR TURGIS

J. B. Priestley

147

SATIRE

IRISH MISERY

Jonathan Swift

161

SHORT STORY

THE ADVENTURE OF THE THREE STUDENTS

A. Conan Doyle

165

THE VICTORY

Rabindranath Tagore

195

THE STOLEN BACILLUS

H. G. Wells

206

THE FACE ON THE WALL

E. V. Lucas

216

SPEECH

THE IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS

Edmund Burke

223

THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN

John Ruskin

228

NOTES

235

A GRADUATED SCHEME

GROUP I

	Page
✓ 1. The Adventure of the three Students	Story . 165
✓ 2. Some Reminiscences of the Bar...	. I
✓ 3. The Face on the Wall	Story . 216
✓ 4. On Saying "Please"	1127
✓ 5. The Stolen Bacillus	S . 200
✓ 6. The Pickwickians on the Ice	Chambers . 135
✓ 7. The Artless Art of Repartee	101
✓ 8. The Great Fire of London	Essay . 52

GROUP II

✓ 1. The Golden Doom	60
✓ 2. The Sharper and his Cosmogony	Story . 127
✓ 3. Letter to his Son	121
✓ 4. Popular Superstitions	82
✓ 5. The Victory	195
✓ 6. A Plea for Gas Lamps	95
✓ 7. Oliver Goldsmith	8
✓ 8. The Impeachment of Warren Hastings	223
✓ 9. The Convalescent	87

GROUP III

✓ 1. John Bull	25
✓ 2. Irish Misery	161
✓ 3. The Education of Women	228
✓ 4. Of Revenge	80
✓ 5. What is Poetry?	40

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

For permission to reprint copyright material in this volume acknowledgments are due and are hereby thankfully tendered to:

Messrs. G. P. Putnam and Sons for *The Golden Doom* from 'One Act Plays' by Lord Dunsany, Messrs. Methuen and Co. Ltd., for *The Face on the Wall* from 'London Lavender' by E. V. Lucas; Mr. H. G. Wells for *The Stolen Bacillus*; Messrs. William Heinmann, Ltd., for *Arabian Nights for Turgis* from 'Angel Pavement' by J. B. Priestley; The Associated Society of authors for *A Plea for Gas Lamps* from 'Virginibus Puerisque' by R. L. Stevenson; Messrs. Constable and Co., Ltd., for *The Artless Art of Repartee* from 'The Nineteenth Century and After' (June 1922) by Sir Edward Sullivan; Messrs. J. M. Dent and Sons for *On Saying Please* from 'Many Furrows' by A. G. Gardiner; Messrs. John Murray for *The Adventure of The Three Students* from 'The Return of Sherlock Holmes' by Sir A. Conan Doyle; Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd., for *The Victory* from 'Hungry Stones and other Stories' by Dr. Rabindranath Tagore; The Clarendon Press for *What is Poetry?* from 'The Rudiments of Criticism' by E. A. Greening Lamborn; The Navjivan Press for *Some Reminiscences of The Bar* from 'My Experiments with Truth' by M. K. Gandhi.

PREFACE

Ever since I compiled *The Pleasures of English Poetry** for the use of Intermediate students of Indian colleges, I have received numerous requests from teachers, students and publishers asking me to make a selection of English prose pieces along the same lines. The present book entitled 'The Prism of English Prose' has been compiled to meet this insistent demand.

A glance at the table of contents will show the plan I have kept in view. Each piece is illustrative of a distinct form of English prose style and specimens of a dozen such forms have been included, viz., Autobiography, Biography, Character-sketch, Criticism, Diary, Drama, Essay, Letter, Novel, Short Story, Satire and Speech. There are numerous books of English prose selections for the use of Indian students in which the pieces have been grouped together according to the nature of the subject-matter but there is none, to my knowledge, in which the pieces are illustrative of the different forms of prose.

I have also endeavoured to give examples of various varieties of the same form of prose expression if it is a common form like the essay, the novel or the short story. Thus the pieces from Bacon to Gardiner under 'Essay' will not only provide specimens of various types but also give an idea of the development of the English essay from the Elizabethan to the modern times. The selections from Goldsmith, Dickens and Priestley are typical of the art of novel-writing during the eighteenth, nineteenth and twentieth centuries. The short story which is a modern literary form is illustrated by a detective story by Conan Doyle, a literary and imaginative piece by Rabindranath Tagore, a scientific tale by H. G. Wells and a light story by E. V. Lucas.

The plan, therefore, is one of the distinctive features of the book and explains the title, 'The Prism of English Prose'. As through a prism we can see the different colours of which Light is composed, similarly, through this book we are made familiar with the various forms of English Prose.

* Published by the Oxford University Press

Apart from the plan, I have kept one or two tests constantly in view. I hold that the study of English at the Intermediate stage should be a pleasure and not a task and, therefore, I have included only those pieces that are lively and interesting and likely to create an abiding love in the student for the vast treasure house of English literature. Many of the pieces are full of instructive and ennobling ideas calculated to build up the character of the young student but in every case the language is bright, attractive and stimulating instead of being obscure, pedantic and forbidding.

Young students fresh from the school are often frightened by difficult and learned pieces above their heads facing them at the beginning of their studies in the Intermediate class. I have, therefore, suggested a regrouping of the lessons in a graduated Scheme leading from easy to difficult passages, beginning with the first group and proceeding through the second to the third which is comparatively more difficult. If this or a similar gradation is followed the book will be read with pleasure; and the interest aroused by the passages will imperceptibly develop in student a love for English prose. And if this object is achieved, as I hope it will, I shall regard my labours amply repaid.

I have taken special care in annotating this book and have purposely refrained from giving word-meanings or paraphrases. In order to make students exert themselves and consult dictionaries I have supplied only such information as is not easily available and is essential for the proper understanding and appreciation of the text. Brief criticisms of the authors are given and the names of their important works mentioned to encourage students to read more of these literary artists.

In conclusion I wish to thank my colleagues, Mr. Gaya Prasad, M.A., Mr. N. C. Mukerji, M.A., L.T. and Mr. Devendra Singh, M.A., for valuable help received at various stages in the preparation of the book. I must also thank Mr. R. Dütt of the Boys' High School, Allahabad, for translating some foreign phrases.

Nainital,
June 11, 1942.

GOKAL CHAND

SOME REMINISCENCES OF THE BAR

Some lawyer friends have asked me to give my reminiscences of the bar. The number of these is so large that, if I were to describe them all, they would occupy a volume by themselves and take me out of my scope. But it may not perhaps be improper to recall some of those which bear upon the practice of truth.

So far as I can recollect, I have already said that I never resorted to untruth in my profession, and that a large part of my legal practice was in the interest of public work, for which I charged nothing beyond out-of-pocket expenses, and these too I sometimes met myself. I had thought that in saying this I had said all that was necessary as regards my legal practice. But friends want me to do more. They seem to think that, if I described, however slightly, some of the occasions when I refused to swerve from the truth, the legal profession might profit by it.

As a student I had heard that the lawyer's profession was a liar's profession. But this did not influence me, as I had no intention of earning either position or money by lying.

My principle was put to the test many a time in South Africa. Often I knew that my opponents had tutored their witnesses, and if I only encouraged my client or his witnesses to lie, we could win the case. But I always resisted the temptation. I remember only one occasion when, after having won a case, I suspected that my client had deceived me. In my heart of hearts I always wished that I should win only if my client's case was right. In fixing my fees I do not recall ever having made them conditional on my winning the case. Whether my client won or lost, I expected nothing more nor less than my fees.

I warned every new client at the outset that he should not expect me to take up a false case or to coach witnesses, with the result that I built up such a reputation that no false cases used to come to me. Indeed some of my clients would keep their clean cases for me, and take the doubtful ones elsewhere.

There was one case which proved a severe trial. It was brought to me by one of my best clients. It was a case of highly complicated accounts and had been a prolonged one. It had been heard in parts before several courts. Ultimately the book-keeping portion of it was entrusted by the court to the arbitration of some qualified accountants. The award was entirely in

favour of my client, but the arbitrators had inadvertently committed an error in calculation which, however small, was serious, inasmuch as an entry which ought to have been on the debit side was made on the credit side. The opponents had opposed the award on other grounds. I was junior counsel for my client. When the senior counsel became aware of the error, he was of opinion that our client was not bound to admit it. He was clearly of opinion that no counsel was bound to admit anything that went against his client's interest. I said we ought to admit the error.

But the senior counsel contended: 'In that case there is every likelihood of the court canceling the whole award, and no sane counsel would imperil his client's case to that extent. At any rate I would be the last man to take any such risk. If the case were to be sent up for a fresh hearing, one could never tell what expenses our client might have to incur, and what the ultimate result might be!'

The client was present when this conversation took place.

I said: 'I feel that both our client and we ought to run the risk. Where is the certainty of the court upholding a wrong award simply because we do not admit the error? And

supposing the admission were to bring the client to grief, what harm is there?'

'But why should we make the admission at all?' said the senior counsel.

'Where is the surety of the court not detecting the error or our opponent not discovering it?' said I.

'Well then, will you argue the case?' I am not prepared to argue it on your terms,' replied the senior counsel with decision.

I humbly answered: 'If you will not argue, then I am prepared to do so, if our client so desires. I shall have nothing to do with the case if the error is not admitted.'

With this I looked at my client. He was a little embarrassed. I had been in the case from the very first. The client fully trusted me, and knew me through and through. He said: 'Well, then, you will argue the case and admit the error. Let us lose, if that is to be our lot. God defend the right.'

I was delighted. I had expected nothing less from him. The senior counsel again warned me, pitied me for my obduracy, but congratulated me all the same.

I had no doubt about the soundness of my advice, but I doubted very much my fitness for doing full justice to the case. I felt it would be a most hazardous undertaking to argue such a difficult

case before the Supreme Court, and I appeared before the Bench in fear and trembling.

As soon as I referred to the error in the accounts, one of the judges said:

“Is not this sharp practice, Mr. Gandhi?”

I boiled within to hear this charge. It was intolerable to be accused of sharp practice when there was not the slightest warrant for it.

“With a judge prejudiced from the start like this, there is little chance of success in this difficult case,” I said to myself! But I composed my thoughts and answered:

“I am surprised that your Lordship should suspect sharp practice without hearing me out.”

“No question of a charge,” said the judge. “It is a mere suggestion.”

“The suggestion here seems to me to amount to a charge. I would ask your Lordship to hear me out and then arraign me if there is any occasion for it.”

“I am sorry to have interrupted you,” replied the judge. “Pray do go on with your explanation of the discrepancy.”

I had enough material in support of my explanation. Thanks to the judge having raised this question, I was able to rivet the Court’s attention on my arguments from the very start. I felt much encouraged and took the opportunity of entering into a detailed explanation. The Court

gave me a patient hearing, and I was able to convince the judges that the discrepancy was due entirely to inadvertence. They therefore did not feel disposed to cancel the whole award, which had involved considerable labour.

The opposing counsel seemed to feel secure in the belief that not much argument would be needed after the error had been admitted. But the judges continued to interrupt him, as they were convinced that the error was a slip which could be easily rectified. The counsel laboured hard to attack the award, but the judge who had originally started with suspicion had now come round definitely to my side.

'Supposing Mr Gandhi had not admitted the error, what would you have done?' he asked.

'It was impossible for us to secure the services of a more competent and honest expert accountant than the one appointed by us.'

trial 'The Court must presume that you know your case best. If you cannot point anything beyond the slip which any expert accountant is liable to commit, the Court will be loath to compel the parties to go in for fresh litigation and fresh expenses because of a patent mistake. We may not order a fresh hearing when such an error can be easily corrected,' continued the judge. *smiling*

And so the counsel's objection was overruled. The Court either confirmed the award, with the

SOME REMINISCENCES OF THE BAR

error rectified, or ordered the arbitrator to rectify the error, I forget which.

I was delighted. So were my client and senior counsel; and I was confirmed in my conviction that it was not impossible to practise law without compromising truth.

—M. K. Gandhi.

*Goldsmith was one of a humble clergyman
Goldsmith was born in a small a desolate village
Goldsmith's father was a farmer and he was a
and Goldsmith was said to be a village he brought up by
a retired soldier.*

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

clergyman
Oliver Goldsmith was one of the most pleasing English writers of the eighteenth century. His father, Charles Goldsmith, took orders, and settled at a place called Pallas, in the county of Longford. There he with difficulty supported his wife and children on what he could earn, partly as a curate and partly as a farmer.

desolate
much help
At Pallas Oliver Goldsmith was born in November 1728. The hamlet lies far from any highroad on a dreary plain which in wet weather is often a lake. The lanes would break any jaurting-car to pieces; and there are ruts and sloughs through which the most strongly-built wheels cannot be dragged.

While Oliver was still a child, his father was presented to a living worth about £200 a year, in the county of West Meath. The family accordingly quitted their cottage in the wilderness for a spacious house on a frequented road, near the village of Lissoy. Here the boy was taught his letters by a maid-servant, and was sent in his seventh year to a village school kept by an old quarter-master on half-pay, who professed to teach nothing but reading, writing, and arith-

metic, but who had an inexhaustible fund of stories about ghosts, banshees, and fairies.

From the humble academy kept by the old soldier Goldsmith was removed in his ninth year. He went to several grammar-schools, and acquired some knowledge of the ancient languages. His life at this time seems to have been far from happy. He had, as appears from the admirable portrait of him at Knowle, features harsh even to ugliness. The small-pox had set its mark on him with more than usual severity. His stature was small, and his limbs ill put together. Among boys, little tenderness is shown to personal defects: and the ridicule excited by poor Oliver's appearance, was heightened by a peculiar simplicity and a disposition to blunder which he retained to the last. He became the common butt of boys and masters, was pointed at as a fright in the playground, and flogged as a dunce in the school-room. When he had risen to eminence, those who had once derided him ransacked their memory for the events of his early years, and recited repartees and couplets which had dropped from him, and which, though little noticed at the time, were supposed a quarter of a century later, to indicate the powers which produced the *Vicar of Wakefield* and the *Deserted Village*.

In his seventeenth year Oliver went up to Trinity College, Dublin, as a sizar. The sizars

paid nothing for food and tuition; and very little for lodging; but they had to perform some menial services from which they have long been relieved. They swept the court; they carried up the dinner to the fellows' tables, and changed the plates and poured out the ale of the rulers of the society. Goldsmith was quartered, not alone, in a garret, on the window of which his name, scrawled by himself, is still read with interest. From such garrets many men of less parts than his have made their way to the woolsack or to the episcopal bench. But Goldsmith, while he suffered all the humiliations, threw away all the advantages of his situation. He neglected the studies of the place, stood low at the examinations, was turned down to the bottom of his class for playing the buffoon in the lecture-room, and was caned by a brutal tutor for giving a ball in the attic story of the college to some gay youths and damsels from the city.

While Oliver was leading at Dublin a life divided between squalid distress and squalid dissipation, his father died, leaving a mere pittance. The youth obtained his bachelor's degree, and left the University. During some time the humble dwelling to which his widowed mother had retired was his home. He was now in his twenty-first year; it was necessary that he should do something; and his education seemed to have

fitted him to do nothing but to dress himself in gaudy colours, of which he was as fond as a magpie. to take a hand at cards, to sing Irish airs, to play the flute, to angle in summer, and to tell ghost stories by the fire in winter. He tried five or six professions in turn without success. He applied for ordination; but, as he applied in scarlet clothes, he was speedily turned out of the episcopal palace. He then became tutor in an opulent family, but soon quitted his situation in consequence of a dispute about play. Then he determined to emigrate to America. His relations, with much satisfaction, saw him set out for Cork on a good horse, with thirty pounds in his pocket. But in six weeks he came back on a miserable hack, without a penny, and informed his mother that the ship in which he had taken his passage, having got a fair wind while he was at a party of pleasure, had sailed without him. Then he resolved to study the law. A generous kinsman advanced fifty pounds. With this sum Goldsmith went to Dublin, was enticed into a gaming-house, and lost every shilling. He then thought of medicine. A small purse was made up; and in his twenty-fourth year he was sent to Edinburgh. At Edinburgh, he passed eighteen months in nominal attendance on lectures and picked up some superficial information about chemistry and natural history. Thence he went

calculated
tempted

to Leyden, still pretending to study physic. He left that celebrated university, the third university at which he had resided, in his twenty-seventh year, without a degree, with the merest smattering of medical knowledge and with no property but his clothes and his flute. His flute, however, proved a useful friend. He rambled on foot through Flanders, France, and Switzerland, playing tunes which everywhere set the peasantry dancing and which often procured for him a supper and a bed. He wandered as far as Italy. His musical performances, indeed, were not to the taste of the Italians, but he contrived to live on the alms which he obtained at the gates of convents. It should, however, be observed that the stories which he told about this part of his life ought to be received with great caution; for strict veracity was never one of his virtues; and a man who is ordinarily inaccurate in narration is likely to be more than ordinarily inaccurate when he talks about his own travels.

In 1756 the wanderer landed at Dover, without a shilling, without a friend, and without a calling. He had, indeed, if his own unsupported evidence may be trusted, obtained from the University of Padua a doctor's degree; but this dignity proved utterly useless to him. In England his flute was not in request; there were no convents; and he was forced to have recourse to

a series of desperate expedients. He turned strolling player; but his face and figure were ill suited to the boards even of the humblest theatre. He pounded drugs and ran about London with phials for charitable chemists. He joined a swarm of beggars, which made its nest in Axe Yard. He was for a time usher of a school, and felt the miseries and humiliations of this situation so keenly that he thought it a promotion to be permitted to earn his bread as a bookseller's hack; but he soon found the new yoke more galling than the old one, and was glad to become an usher again. He obtained a medical appointment in the service of the East India Company; but the appointment was speedily revoked. Why it was revoked we are not told. The subject was one on which he never liked to talk. It is probable that he was incompetent to perform the duties of the place. Then he presented himself at Surgeons' Hall for examination as mate to a naval hospital. Even to so humble a post he was found unequal. By this time the schoolmaster whom he had served for a morsel of food and the third part of a bed was no more. Nothing remained but to return to the lowest drudgery of literature. Goldsmith took a garret in a miserable court, to which he had to climb from the brink of Fleet Ditch by a dizzy ladder of flagstones called Break-neck Steps. The court and the ascent have long

disappeared; but old Londoners will remember both. Here, at thirty, the unlucky adventurer sat down to toil like a galley slave.

remains
five
about
In the succeeding six years he sent to the press some things which have survived and many which have perished. All these works were anonymous; but some of them were well known to be Goldsmith's; and he gradually rose in the estimation of the booksellers for whom he drudged. He was, indeed, emphatically a popular writer. For accurate research or grave disquisition he was not well qualified by nature or by education. He knew nothing accurately; his reading had been desultory; nor had he meditated deeply on what he had read. He had seen much of the world; but he had noticed and retained little more of what he had seen than some grotesque incidents and characters which had happened to strike his fancy. But, though his mind was very scantily stored with materials, he used what materials he had in such a way as to produce a wonderful effect. There have been many greater writers; but perhaps no writer was ever more uniformly agreeable. His style was always pure and easy, and, on proper occasions, pointed and energetic. His narratives were always amusing, his descriptions always picturesque, his humour rich and joyous, yet not without an occasional tinge of amiable sadness. About

everything that he wrote, serious or sportive, there was a certain natural grace and decorum, hardly to be expected from a man a great part of whose life had been passed among thieves and beggars, street-walkers, and merry-andrews, in those squalid dens which are the reproach of great capitals.

As his name gradually became known, the circle of his acquaintance widened. He was introduced to Johnson, who was then considered as the first of living English writers, to Reynolds, the first of English painters, and to Burke, who had not yet entered Parliament, but who had distinguished himself greatly by his writings and by the eloquence of his conversation. With these eminent men Goldsmith became intimate. In 1763 he was one of the nine original members of that celebrated fraternity which has sometimes been called the Literary Club, but which has always disclaimed that epithet, and still glories in the simple name of The Club.

By this time Goldsmith had quitted his miserable dwelling at the top of Breakneck Steps, and had taken chambers in the more civilized region of the Inns of Court. But he was still often reduced to pitiable shifts. Towards the close of 1764 his rent was so long in arrear that his landlady one morning called in the help of a sheriff's officer. The debtor, in great perplexity,

dispatched a messenger to Johnson; and Johnson, always friendly, though often surly, sent back the messenger with a guinea, and promised to follow speedily. He came and found that Goldsmith had changed the guinea, and was railing at the landlady over a bottle of Madeira. Johnson put the cork into the bottle, and entreated his friend to consider calmly how money was to be procured. Goldsmith said that he had a novel ready for the press. Johnson glanced at the manuscript, saw that there were good things in it, took it to a bookseller, sold it for £60, and soon returned with the money. The rent was paid; and the sheriff's officer withdrew. The novel which was thus ushered into the world was the *Vicar of Wakefield*.

But, before the *Vicar of Wakefield* appeared in print, came the great crisis of Goldsmith's literary life. In Christmas week, 1764, he published a poem entitled the *Traveller*. It was the first work to which he had put his name; and it at once raised him to the rank of a legitimate English classic. No philosophical poem, ancient or modern, has a plan so noble, and at the same time so simple. An English wanderer, seated on a crag among the Alps, near the point where three great countries meet, looks down on the boundless prospect, reviews his long pilgrimage, recalls the varieties of scenery, of climate, of

government, of religion, of national character, which he has observed, and comes to the conclusion, just or unjust, that our happiness depends little on political institutions, and much on the temper and regulation of our own minds.

While the fourth edition of the *Traveller* was on the counters of the booksellers, the *Vicar of Wakefield* appeared, and rapidly obtained a popularity which has lasted down to our own time, and which is likely to last as long as our language.

The earlier chapters have all the sweetness of pastoral poetry, together with all the vivacity of comedy. Moses and his spectacles, the vicar and his monogamy, the sharper and his cosmogony, the squire proving from Aristotle that relatives are related, Olivia preparing herself for the arduous task of converting a rakish lover by studying the controversy between Robinson Crusoe and Friday, the great ladies with their scandal about Sir Tomkyn's amours and Dr. Burdock's verses and Mr. Burchell with his "Fudge", have caused as much harmless mirth as has ever been caused by matter packed into so small a number of pages. The latter part of the tale is unworthy of the beginning. As we approach the catastrophe, the absurdities lie thicker and thicker; and gleams of pleasantry become rarer and rarer.

The success which had attended Goldsmith as a novelist emboldened him to try his fortune as a dramatist. He wrote the *Goodnatured Man*, a piece which had a worse fate than it deserved. Garrick refused to produce it at Drury Lane. It was acted at Covent Garden in 1768, but was coldly received. The author, however, cleared by his benefit nights, and by the sale of the copyright, no less than £500, five times as much as he had made by the *Traveller* and the *Vicar of Wakefield* together. The plot of the *Goodnatured Man* is, like almost all Goldsmith's plots, very ill constructed. But some passages are exquisitely ludicrous; much more ludicrous, indeed, than suited the taste of the town at that time.

In 1770 appeared the *Deserted Village*. In mere diction and versification this celebrated poem is fully equal, perhaps superior, to the *Traveller*. More discerning judges, however, while they admire the beauty of the details, are shocked by one unpardonable fault which pervades the whole. It is made up of incongruous parts. The village in its happy days is a true English village. The village in its decay is an Irish village. The felicity and the misery which Goldsmith has brought close together belong to two different countries, and to two different stages in the progress of society. He had as-

surely never seen in his native island such a rural paradise, such a seat of plenty, content, and tranquility, as his "Auburn." He had assuredly never seen in England all the inhabitants of such a paradise turned out of their homes in one day and forced to emigrate in a body to America. The hamlet he had probably seen in Kent, the ejection he had probably seen in Munster; but, by joining the two, he has produced something which never was and never will be seen in any part of the world.

In 1773 Goldsmith tried his chance at Covent Garden with a second play, *She Stoops to Conquer*. The manager was not without great difficulty induced to bring this piece out. The sentimental comedy still reigned; and Goldsmith's comedies were not sentimental. The *Goodnatured Man* had been too funny to succeed; yet the mirth of the *Goodnatured Man* was sober when compared with the rich drollery of *She Stoops to Conquer*, which is, in truth, an incomparable farce in five acts. On this occasion, however, genius triumphed. Pit, boxes, and galleries were in a constant roar of laughter. If any bigoted admirer of Kellý and Cumberland ventured to hiss or groan, he was speedily silenced by a general cry of "Turn him out" or "Throw him over." Two generations have since confirmed the verdict which was pronounced on that night.

Goldsmith might now be considered as a prosperous man. He had the means of living in comfort and even in what to one who had so often slept in barns and on bulks must have been luxury. His fame was great and was constantly rising. He lived in what was intellectually far the best society of the kingdom, in a society in which no talent or accomplishment was wanting, and in which the art of conversation was cultivated with splendid success. There probably were never four talkers more admirable in four different ways than Johnson, Burke, Beauclerk, and Garrick; and Goldsmith was on terms of intimacy with all the four. He aspired to share in their colloquial renown; but never was ambition more unfortunate. It may seem strange that a man who wrote with so much perspicuity, vivacity, and grace should have been, whenever he took a part in conversation, an empty, noisy, blundering rattle. But on this point the evidence is overwhelming. So extraordinary was the contrast between Goldsmith's published works and the silly things which he said, that Horace Walpole described him as an inspired idiot. "Noll," said Garrick, "wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Poll." Chamier declared that it was a hard exercise of faith to believe that so foolish a chatterer could have really written the *Traveller*. Even Boswell could say, with contemptuous com-

passion, that he liked very well to hear honest Goldsmith run on. "Yes, sir," said Johnson; "but he should not like to hear himself." Minds differ as rivers differ. There are transparent and sparkling rivers from which it is delightful to drink as they flow; to such rivers the minds of such men as Burke and Johnson may be compared. But there are rivers of which the water when first drawn is turbid and noisome, but becomes pellucid as crystal, and delicious to the taste, if it be suffered to stand till it has deposited a sediment; and such a river is a type of the mind of Goldsmith. His first thoughts on every subject were confused even to absurdity; but they required only a little time to work themselves clear. When he wrote they had that time; and therefore, his readers pronounced him a man of genius; but when he talked he talked nonsense, and made himself the laughing-stock of his hearers.

His associates seem to have regarded him with kindness, which in spite of their admiration of his writings, was not unmixed with contempt. In truth, there was in his character much to love, but very little to respect. His heart was soft, even to weakness: he was so generous that he quite forgot to be just: he forgave injuries so readily that he might be said to invite them: and was so liberal to beggars that he had nothing left for his tailor and his butcher. His heart

was on his lips. He was neither ill-natured enough, nor long-headed enough to be guilty of any malicious act which required contrivance and disguise.

Goldsmith has sometimes been represented as a man of genius, cruelly treated by the world, and doomed to struggle with difficulties which at last broke his heart. But no representation can be more remote from the truth. He did, indeed, go through much sharp misery before he had done anything considerable in literature. But, after his name had appeared on the title-page of the *Traveller*, he had none to blame but himself for his distresses. He spent twice as much as he had. He wore fine clothes and gave dinners of several courses. He had also, it should be remembered, to the honour of his heart, though not of his head, a guinea, or five, or ten, according to the state of his purse, ready for any tale of distress, true or false. But it was not in dress or feasting, or promiscuous charities, that his chief expense lay. He had been from boyhood a gambler, and at once the most sanguine and the most unskilful of gamblers. For a time he put off the day of inevitable ruin by temporary expedients. He obtained advances from booksellers, by promising to execute works which he never began. But at length this source of supply failed. He owed more than £2000; and he saw no hope of extrica-

tion from his embarrassments. His spirits, and health gave way. He was attacked by a nervous fever, which he thought himself competent to treat. It would have been happy for him if his medical skill had been appreciated as justly by himself as by others. Notwithstanding the degree which he pretended to have received at Padua, he could procure no patients. "I do not practise," he once said, "I make it a rule to prescribe only for my friends." "Pray, dear Doctor," said Beauclerk, "alter your rule, and prescribe only for your enemies." Goldsmith now, in spite of this excellent advice, prescribed for himself. The remedy aggravated the malady. The sick man was induced to call in real physicians; and they at one time imagined that they had cured the disease. Still his weakness and restlessness continued. He could get no sleep, he could take no food. "You are worse," said one of his medical attendants, "than you should be from the degree of fever which you have. Is your mind at ease?" "No, it is not," were the last recorded words of Oliver Goldsmith. He died on the 3rd of April 1774, in his forty-sixth year. He was laid in the churchyard of the Temple; but the spot was not marked by any inscription, and is now forgotten. The coffin was followed by Burke and Reynolds. Both these great men were sincere mourners. Burke, when he heard of Goldsmith's

death, had burst into a flood of tears. Reynolds had been so much moved by the news that he had flung aside his brush and palette for the day.

—T. B. Macaulay.

man sees a light, beauty in a hill or a cloud or a primrose; but the poet sees it as a radiant glow that moves him to cry aloud with delight and so to make us also look again, more earnestly to share his vision. We hear, as a deaf man is conscious of a voice, the echo of music in running water; but he hears the full clear melody and calls to us to listen more intently that we too may catch it. We all have wondered vaguely at the mystery and the majesty of the stars, but he falls on his face before them and priest-like prays us, as many as hear him, to accompany him to the throne of heavenly grace, and to say after him words that once spoken are felt to be the only ones worthy, yet such as we ourselves could never have found. And in many places where there is a shy and subtle beauty that most of us would never see, a poet's eye discovers it and his voice makes it plain to us.

If the inventors of machinery, as Samuel Butler says, have given mankind supplementary, extra-corporeal limbs, the poets have a far nobler gift for us; they have opened new windows in our souls.

The greatest poet is he who has felt the most of all the things that move the hearts of men and felt them most deeply; and can touch the most hearts to sympathy. And that is why Shakespeare, whose heart was made out of the hearts of

all humanity and whose tongue had learned all human speech, sits and smiles alone; and that is why we call him God-like.

As in all vital matters—and poetry is a vital matter—instinct plays a large part in recognition of what is good; and with children especially. But the condition of man's advance has been the sacrifice of instinct to judgment; and so children have to learn to know poetry by criticism as well as by intuition; for what is called the critical instinct in adults is really habit.

That it should be an attempt to communicate a genuine emotion is the first condition of poetry. But our hearts are hard and our senses dull compared with a poet's; and sometimes we are moved without being conscious of it. Emotion, then, will not always be our guide—except to the very highest poetry. We must learn to recognize it by its attributes and its outward form. There are no poetical *subjects*—there are indeed no artistic subjects, for art can find and reveal an aspect of beauty in everything that God has permitted to exist. It is not the thing but the saying that moves us, not the matter but the manner of its presentation. Poetry shows us an aspect of a thing, not the thing itself, which as we know from Plato, we never can see as it really is; science shows us another aspect; religion another; common sense, perhaps, another.

On the high road near my house is a row of ancient cottages falling into decay, dark and dirty and really unfit for human habitation; in the daytime an eyesore and a reproach. Yet at night, when the beams of powerful car-lights fall on their tall fronts, they are transfigured and glow with a strange and weird beauty like the glamour of a dream. So art can make sad things beautiful, and sordid things wonderful, as in Mr. Hardy's novels.

Why this should be so is a question that would lead us into the deepest of all problems, the nature of good and evil. Can that be really ugly that may sometimes appear beautiful? Must not the beauty be there always, though we cannot see it? What was the vision that made Keats say

There is a budding morrow in midnight?

Mr. G. K. Chesterton, in his clever attack on Mr. Hardy's art, assumes with Matthew Arnold that art should 'show us things as they are'; but art has nothing to do with the truth of things as they are, but with the impression they make on the artist's mind; sincerity we may demand from the artist but not truth, for who knows what is truth outside the narrow limits of mathematical science? Art is the expression of the artist's mood, not the representation of objective fact. To a poet in a lover's mood the

sea smiles with him in his joy, the winds whisper the name of his beloved, the stars look down on him like friendly eyes; to the same poet, in another mood, the same sea looks grim and cruel, the winds mock his sighs, and the cold stars watch him with a passionless inscrutable gaze.

The gloom of Egdon Heath, the baseness of Sinister Street, the cruelty of Lear's daughters are not *facts*, but as subjective as Christmas at Dingley Dell or the Forest of Arden or things seen in a dream; but, like the things in dreams, they are more real than reality: they move us with more poignant emotions; while they are with us we enjoy a more concentrated experience; they make us live more poetically, while the mood they communicate endures.

But the actors are allspirits and soon
Are melted into air, into thin air.

And we are awake again to that other aspect
of things which we call reality:

Dreams, indeed, they are; but such as even
Followed
gone Love might dream.

Criticism is the study of the art by which the poet presents the emotional aspects of things so as to communicate his own feelings to others.

Emotion is not poetry, but the cause of poetry; and emotional expression is only poetry when it takes a beautiful form. Here again we are faced with the indefinable: we can only say that certain

men have infinite power to produce under the influence of emotion sounds and sights that thrill the senses of other men, and that the exercise of that power is called art—music, painting, sculpture, perhaps, acting. To exist as poetry, emotion must be translated into music and visual images, clear and beautiful; they may be terrible or saddening, but still beautiful; for it has been said that the greatest mystery of poetry is its power to invest the saddest things with beauty. When emotion takes an inartistic form, the result is not poetry but a sort of echo of poetry, sometimes so like the real thing that only a cultivated taste can distinguish between them. Then why trouble to do so? I cannot too strongly affirm that only by such trouble and training can we appreciate art at all or get any real good from it. 'We needs must love the highest when we see it': that applies to God alone and not to the works of any of His creatures. But if 'appreciate' be substituted for 'see', then it is true of art.

The echo of poetry awakes not emotion but that shadow of emotion, sentimentalism; usually as harmless as it is useless but capable of becoming, when indulged, the most pernicious influence that can enter the heart of man. The most infamous name in human history is his who died with the words on his lips, 'What an artist perishes in me!' So have other sentimen-

talists deluded themselves, even in our own time. Criticism of letters, the effort to realize a genuine emotion, as Voltaire said, and Cicero before him, 'nourishes the soul, strengthens its integrity, furnishes a solace to it'; but an uncritical susceptibility to mere sentiment is more dangerous than the craving for strong drink.

This matter is of such vital importance to my point of view that unless I succeed in making it clear and carrying the reader with me, the rest of my labour will be lost. I will try to explain by an example. Eliza Cook's verses on 'The Old Arm-Chair' have been familiar to three generations:

I love it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?
I've treasured it long, as a sainted prize,
I've bedewed it with tears and embalmed it with sighs;
'Tis bound by a thousand links to my heart;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.
Would ye learn the spell? A mother sat there,
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

That is the attempt to express a real emotion, one of the deepest and purest that the heart can know, the loving remembrance of a dead mother. Yet somehow it misses the emotions and only awakens sentiment; sentimental minds may not be aware of the difference; but it does not 'tell' with most of us. The reason is that the form, the

medium of expression, is not adequate to convey, to communicate, the emotion.

First, and most significant, it is lacking in musical power; I shall try to examine later on the technique of musical lines, but in the present instance the ear alone is a sufficient guide, and it *feels* these verses to have no adequate volume of sound to impart a strong emotion and no cadences to voice a deep one. If the verses are read aloud and then immediately afterwards

O that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see.
The same, that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say
'Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!'
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the same—

'The Old Arm-Chair' will sound like a mere jingle by the side of the solemn and deep musical note of Cowper's lines; yet the same emotion inspired both. Each is written in riming couplets with ten syllables to the line; but one rattles along with a bounce and a jerk: the other has a slow, grave movement befitting its sad reflective theme. Shall we say that Cowper loved his mother more deeply than Eliza Cook loved

her's? I believe that not the depth of emotion but the power to transmute it into music, the command of the emotional medium, constitutes the real difference. Words may be but a tinkling cymbal even when there is love.

But, secondly, the visual images, the pictures, in 'The Old Arm-Chair' are vague and indefinite; we are not *made* to see them; and if we wish to do so we must construct them for ourselves 'from information received.' Then we have to view an old arm-chair as 'a prize'—an unusual rôle for a piece of second-hand furniture to play; and as it has been 'bedewed', a risk to which indoor effects are not meant to be subjected nor formed to sustain, it is not likely to excite much competition even though its being 'embalmed' (but 'sighs' are a poor preservative) might seem to warrant its durability. But whoever wins this prize must apparently take the lady as well; for it 'is bound by a thousand links to her heart', not one of which will break. One line of Cowper, 'The meek intelligence of those dear eyes', has more worth for the imagination than this whole stanza. I should be very sorry to make fun of a daughter's love for her dead mother. I am trying to show that the form of emotional expression does not convey the real emotion, and that those who fancy themselves 'moved' by it are from laziness or carelessness taking the shadow for the substance

and deluding themselves with mere words. By such readers the publishers of feuilletons grow rich; worse still, a sense of unreality gradually grows upon them—for Eliza Cook's verses are much nearer the real thing than the great mass of bad verse—and then they assume that all poetry is an echo and a fiction, and cease to read it in any form. I fancy that people who have no taste for poetry fall roughly into two classes, those who have been fed on sentiment till they sickened of it, and those who have been crammed with notes on meanings and allusions and grammatical examples and biographical records until they have learned to curse the poets and all their works.

But neither of these classes has known poetry at all. I am not going to add another failure to the many attempts at defining what in its very essence is undefinable: but on the tomb of Lord Falkland's grandfather in Burford Church is an epitaph written by his wife; it concludes with a quatrain which always to me seems to express in poetry of the tenderest beauty the most essential truth about poetry:

Love made me poet
And this I writt,
My harte did doe yt,
And not my witt.

talists deluded themselves, even in our own time. Criticism of letters, the effort to realize a genuine emotion, as Voltaire said, and Cicero before him, 'nourishes the soul, strengthens its integrity, furnishes a solace to it'; but an uncritical susceptibility to mere sentiment is more dangerous than the craving for strong drink.

This matter is of such vital importance to my point of view that unless I succeed in making it clear and carrying the reader with me, the rest of my labour will be lost. I will try to explain by an example. Eliza Cook's verses on 'The Old Arm-Chair' have been familiar to three generations:

I love it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?
I've treasured it long, as a sainted prize,
I've bedewed it with tears and embalmed it with sighs;
'Tis bound by a thousand links to my heart;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.
Would ye learn the spell? A mother sat there,
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

That is the attempt to express a real emotion, one of the deepest and purest that the heart can know, the loving remembrance of a dead mother. Yet somehow it misses; the emotions and only awakens sentiment; sentimental minds may not be aware of the difference; but it does not 'tell' with most of us. The reason is that the form, the

medium of expression, is not adequate to convey, to communicate, the emotion.

First, and most significant, it is lacking in musical power; I shall try to examine later on the technique of musical lines, but in the present instance the ear alone is a sufficient guide, and it feels these verses to have no adequate volume of sound to impart a strong emotion and no cadences to voice a deep one. If the verses are read aloud and then immediately afterwards

O that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see.
The same, that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say
'Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!'
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the same—

'The Old Arm-Chair' will sound like a mere jingle by the side of the solemn and deep musical note of Cowper's lines; yet the same emotion inspired both. Each is written in riming couplets with ten syllables to the line; but one rattles along with a bounce and a jerk: the other has a slow, grave movement befitting its sad reflective theme. Shall we say that Cowper loved his mother more deeply than Eliza Cook loved

her's? I believe that not the depth of emotion but the power to transmute it into music, the command of the emotional medium, constitutes the real difference. Words may be but a tinkling cymbal even when there is love.

But, secondly, the visual images, the pictures, in 'The Old Arm-Chair' are vague and indefinite; we are not *made* to see them; and if we wish to do so we must construct them for ourselves 'from information received.' Then we have to view an old arm-chair as 'a prize'—an unusual rôle for a piece of second-hand furniture to play; and as it has been 'bedewed', a risk to which indoor effects are not meant to be subjected nor formed to sustain, it is not likely to excite much competition even though its being 'embalmed' (but 'sighs' are a poor preservative) might seem to warrant its durability. But whoever wins this prize must apparently take the lady as well; for it 'is bound by a thousand links to her heart', not one of which will break. One line of Cowper, 'The meek intelligence of those dear eyes', has more worth for the imagination than this whole stanza. I should be very sorry to make fun of a daughter's love for her dead mother. I am trying to show that the form of emotional expression does not convey the real emotion, and that those who fancy themselves 'moved' by it are from laziness or carelessness taking the shadow for the substance

and deluding themselves with mere words. By such readers the publishers of feuilletons grow rich; worse still, a sense of unreality gradually grows upon them—for Eliza Cook's verses are much nearer the real thing than the great mass of bad verse—and then they assume that all poetry is an echo and a fiction, and cease to read it in any form. I fancy that people who have no taste for poetry fall roughly into two classes, those who have been fed on sentiment till they sickened of it, and those who have been crammed with notes on meanings and allusions and grammatical examples and biographical records until they have learned to curse the poets and all their works.

But neither of these classes has known poetry at all. I am not going to add another failure to the many attempts at defining what in its very essence is undefinable: but on the tomb of Lord Falkland's grandfather in Burford Church is an epitaph written by his wife; it concludes with a quatrain which always to me seems to express in poetry of the tenderest beauty the most essential truth about poetry:

Love made me poet
And this I writt,
My harte did doe yt,
And not my witt.

A poet, by his very name, is a 'maker': a maker of music, and of pictures; and in both, to some extent, a maker of the material—*viz.* language—in which he works.

—E. A. Greening Lamborn.

THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON

September 2nd [1666] (*Lord's day*).—

Some of our maids sitting up late last night to get things ready against our feast to-day, Jane called us up about three in the morning, to tell us of a great fire they saw in the City. So I rose, and slipped on my nightgown, and went to her window; and thought it to be on the back-side of Marke Lane at the farthest, but being unused to such fires as followed, I thought it far enough off; and so went to bed again and to sleep. About seven rose again to dress myself, and there looked out at the window, and saw the fire not so much as it was, and further off. So to my closet to get things to rights after yesterday's cleaning. By and by Jane comes and tells me that she hears that above 300 houses have been burned down to-night by the fire we saw, and that it is now burning down all Fish Street, by London Bridge. So I made myself ready presently, and walked to the Tower; and there got up upon one of the high places; and there I did see the houses at that end of the bridge all on fire, and an infinite great fire on this and the other side the end of the bridge. So down, with my heart full of trouble, to the Lieutenant of the Tower, who tells me that it

begin this morning in the King's baker's house in Pudding Lane, and that it hath burned down St. Magnus's Church and most part of Fish Street already. So I down to the water-side, and there got a boat, and through bridge, and there saw a lamentable fire. Poor Michell's house, as far as the Old Swan, already burned that way, and the fire running further, that, in a very little time, it got as far as the Steeleyard, while I was there. Everybody endeavouring to remove their goods, and flinging into the river, or bringing them into lighters that lay off; poor people staying in their houses as long as till the very fire touched them, and then running into boats, or clambering from one pair of stairs, by the water-side, to another. And, among other things, the poor pigeons, I perceive, were loth to leave their houses, but hovered about the windows and balconys, till they burned their wings and fell down. Having staid, and in a hour's time seen the fire rage every way; and nobody, to my sight, endeavouring to quench it, but to remove their goods, and leave all to the fire; and having seen it get as far as the Steeleyard, and the wind mighty high, and driving it into the City; and everything, after so long a drought, proving combustiblè, even the very stones of churches; I to White Hall, with a gentleman with me; and there up to the King's closet in the Chapel, where people come about me, and I did

give them an account dismayed them all, and word was carried in to the King. So I was called for, and did tell the King and the Duke of York what I saw; and that, unless his Majesty did command houses to be pulled down, nothing could stop the fire. They seemed much troubled, and the King commanded me to go to my Lord Mayor from him, and command him to spare no houses, but to pull down before the fire every way. The Duke of York bid me tell him, that if he would have any more soldiers, he shall. Here meeting with Captain Cocke, I in his coach, which he lent me, to Paul's; and there walked along Watling Street, as well as I could, every creature coming away laden with goods to save, and, here and there, sick people carried away in beds. Extraordinary good goods carried in carts and on backs. At last met my Lord Mayor in Canning Street, like a man spent, with a handkercher about his neck. To the King's message, he cried, like a fainting woman, 'Lord! what can I do? I am spent; people will not obey me; I have been pulling down houses, but the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it.' That he needed no more soldiers; and that, for himself, he must go and refresh himself, having been up all night. So he left me, and I him, and walked home; seeing people all almost distracted, and no manner of means used to quench the fire. The houses too, so very thick

thereabouts, and full of matter for burning, as pitch and tar in Thames Street, and ware-houses of oyle, and wines, and brandy, and other things. Here I saw Mr. Houblon, prettily dressed and dirty, at his door at Dowgate, receiving some of his brother's things, whose houses were on fire; and, as he says, they have been removed twice already; and he doubts, as it soon proved, that they must be, in a little time, removed from his house also, which was a sad consideration. And to see the churches all filling with goods by people who themselves should have been quietly there at this time. By this time, it was about twelve o'clock; so home and there find my guests. We were in great trouble and disturbance at this fire, not knowing what to think of it. However, we had an extraordinary good dinner, and as merry as at this time we could be. Soon as dined, I away, and walked through the City, the streets full of nothing but people; and horses and carts laden with goods, ready to run over one another, and removing goods from one burned house to another. They now removing out of Canning Street, which received goods in the morning, into Lombard Street, and further. I to Paul's Wharf, where I had appointed a boat to attend me, and again to see the fire, which was now got further, both below and above, and no likelihood of stopping it. Met with the King and Duke of

York in their barge, and with them to Queenhithe. Their order was only to pull down houses apace, and so below bridge at the water-side; but little was or could be done, the fire coming upon them so fast. Good hopes there was of stopping it at the Three Cranes above, and at Buttulph's Wharf below bridge, if care be used; but the wind carries it into the City, so as we know not, by the water-side, what it do there. River full of lighters and boats taking in goods, and good goods swimming in the water; and only I observed that hardly one lighter or boat in three that had the goods of a house in, but there was a pair of virginalls in it. Having seen as much as I could now, I away to White Hall by appointment, and there walked to St. James's Park; and there met my wife, and Creed, and walked to my boat; and there upon the water again, and to the fire up and down, it still increasing and the wind great. So near the fire as we could for smoke; and all over the Thames, with one's faces in the wind; you were almost buried with a shower of fire-drops. This is very true; so as houses were burned by these drops and flakes of fire, three or four, nay, five or six houses, one from another. When we could endure no more upon the water, we to a little alehouse on the Bankside, and there staid till it was dark almost, and saw the fire grow; and, as it grew darker, appeared more and more;

and in corners and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the City, in a most horrid, malicious, bloody flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire. We staid till, it being darkish, we saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side the bridge, and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long; it made me weep to see it. The churches, houses and all on fire, and flaming at once; and a horrid noise the flames made, and the cracking of houses at their ruine. So home with a sad heart, and there find everybody discoursing and lamenting the fire; and poor Tom Hater come with some few of his goods saved out of his house, which was burned upon Fish Street Hill. I invited him to lie at my house, and did receive his goods: but was deceived in his lying there, the news coming every moment of the growth of the fire, so as we were forced to begin to pack up our own goods and prepare for their removal; and did by moonshine, it being brave, dry, and moonshine and warm weather, carry much of my goods into the garden; and Mr. Hater and I did remove my money and iron chests into my cellar, as being the safest place. And got my bags of gold into my office, ready to carry away and my chief papers of accounts also there, and my tallies into a box by themselves.

September 3rd.—About four o'clock in the morning, my Lady Batten sent me a cart to carry away all my money, and plate, and best things, to Sir W. Ryder's at Bednall Greene, which I did, riding myself in my night-gown in the cart; and Lord! to see how the streets and the highways are crowded with people running and riding, and getting of carts at any rate to fetch away things. I find Sir W. Ryder tired with being called up all night and receiving things from several friends. Then home, and with much ado to find a way, nor any sleep all this night to me nor my poor wife. But then all this day she and I and all my people labouring to get away the rest of our things, and did get Mr. Tooker to get me a lighter to take them in, and we did carry them, myself some, over Tower Hill, which was by this time full of people's goods, bringing their goods thither; and down to the lighter, and here was my neighbour's wife with some few of her things, which I did willingly give way to be saved with mine. The Duke of York did ride with his guard up and down the City to keep all quiet, he being now General, and having the care of all. At night, lay down a little upon a quilt of W. Hewer's in the office, all my own things being packed up or gone.

September 4th.—Up by break of day to get away the remainder of my things, which I did by a lighter. To Tower Street, and there met the

fire burning, the fire coming on in that narrow street on both sides with infinite fury. Sir W. Batten not knowing how to remove his wine, did dig a pit in the garden, and laid it in there; and I took the opportunity of laying all the papers of my office that I could not otherwise dispose of. And in the evening Sir W. Pen and I did dig another and put our wine in it; and I my par-mazan cheese and some other things. This afternoon, sitting melancholy with Sir W. Pen in the garden, and thinking of the certain burning of this office, I did propose for the sending up of all our workmen from the Woolwich and Deptford yards, and to write to Sir W. Coventry to have the Duke of York's permission to pull down houses rather than lose this office, which would much hinder the King's business. So Sir W. Pen went down this night, in order to the sending them up to-morrow morning. Walking into the garden, saw how horribly the sky looks, all on a fire in the night, was enough to put us out of our wits; and, indeed, it was extremely dreadful, for it looks just as if it was at us and the whole heaven on fire. I after supper, walked in the dark down to Tower Street, and there saw it all on fire. Now begins the practice of blowing up of houses in Tower Street, those next the Tower, which at first did frighten people more than anything; but it stopped the fire where it was done, it bringing

down the houses to the ground in the same places
they stood, and then it was easy to quench what
little fire was in it. Paul's is burned and all
Cheapside

—*Samuel Pepys.*

THE GOLDEN DOOM

CHARACTERS

THE KING
THE KING'S CHAMBERLAIN
THE CHIEF PROPHET
TWO PROPHETS
TWO SENTRIES
THREE SPIES
A BOY
A GIRL
A STRANGER
SOLDIERS, ATTENDANTS, ETC.

TIME. *Some while before the fall of Babylon.*

SCENE: *Outside the KING's great door in Zericon. Two SENTRIES pace to and fro, then halt, one on each side of the great door.*

FIRST SENTRY. The day is deadly sultry.

SECOND SENTRY. I would that I were swimming down the Gyshon, on the cool side, under the fruit-trees.

FIRST SENTRY. It is like to thunder, or the fall of a dynasty.

SECOND SENTRY. It will grow cool by night-fall. Where is the King?

FIRST SENTRY. He rows in his golden barge with ambassadors or whispers with captains concerning future wars. The stars spare him.

SECOND SENTRY. Why do you say "the stars spare him"?

FIRST SENTRY. Because if a doom from the stars fall suddenly on a king it swallows up his people and all things round about him, and his palace falls and the walls of his city and citadel, and the apes come in from the woods and the large beasts from the desert so that you would not say that a king had been there at all.

SECOND SENTRY. But why should a doom from the stars fall on the King?

FIRST SENTRY. Because he seldom placates them.

SECOND SENTRY. Ah, I have heard that said of him.

FIRST SENTRY. Who are the stars that a man should scorn them. Should they that rule the thunder, the plague, and the earthquake withhold these things save for much prayer? Always ambassadors are with the King, and his commanders come in from distant lands, prefects of cities and makers of the laws, but never the priests of the stars.

SECOND SENTRY. Hark! Was that thunder?

FIRST SENTRY. Believe me, the stars are angry.

[*Enter a STRANGER. He wanders towards the KING's door, gazing about him.*

SENTRIES [*lifting their spears at him*]. Go back! Go back!

STRANGER. Why?

FIRST SENTRY. It is death to touch the King's door.

STRANGER. I am a stranger from Thessaly.

FIRST SENTRY. It is death even for a stranger.

STRANGER. Your door is strangely sacred.

FIRST SENTRY. It is death to touch it.

[STRANGER wanders off. Enter two children hand in hand.

BOY [*to SENTRY*]. I want to see the King to pray for a hoop. [SENTRY smiles.

BOY [*pushes the door, to GIRL*]. I cannot open it. [*To SENTRY*] Will it do as well if I pray to the King's door?

SENTRY. Yes, quite as well. [*Turns to talk to the other SENTRY.*] Is there anyone in sight?

SECOND SENTRY. [*shading his eyes*]. Nothing but a dog, and he far out on the plain.

FIRST SENTRY. Then we can talk a while and eat bash.

BOY. King's door, I want a little hoop.

[*The SENTRIES take a little bash between finger and thumb from pouches and*

put that, wholly forgotten drug to their lips.

GIRL [*pointing*]. My father is a taller soldier than that.

BOY. My father can write. He taught me.

GIRL. Ho! Writing frightens nobody: my father is a soldier.

BOY. I have a lump of gold. I found it in the stream that runs down to Gyshon.

GIRL. I have a poem. I found it in my own head.

BOY. Is it a long poem?

GIRL. No. But it would have been only there were no more rhymes for sky.

BOY. What is your poem?

GIRL. "I saw a purple bird
Go up against the sky,
And it went up and up
And round about did fly."

BOY. I saw it die.

GIRL. That doesn't scan.

BOY. Oh, that doesn't matter.

GIRL. Do you like my poem?

BOY. Birds aren't purple.

GIRL. My bird was.

BOY. Oh!

GIRL. Oh, you don't like my poem.

BOY. Yes, I do.

GIRL. No, you don't; you think it horrid.

BOY. No, I don't.

GIRL. Yes, you do. Why didn't you say you liked it? It is the only poem I ever made.

BOY. I do like it. I do like it.

GIRL. You don't, you don't.

BOY. Don't be angry. I'll write it on the door for you.

GIRL. You'll *write* it!

BOY. Yes, I can write. My father taught me. I'll write it with my lump of gold. It makes a yellow mark on the iron door.

GIRL. Oh, do write it. I would like to see it written like real poetry.

[BOY *begins to write*. GIRL *watches*.

FIRST SENTRY. You see, we'll be fighting again soon.

SECOND SENTRY. Only a little war. We never have more than a little war with the hill-folk.

FIRST SENTRY. When a man goes to fight the curtains of the gods wax thicker than ever before between his eyes and the future, he may go to a great or to a little war.

SECOND SENTRY. There can only be a little war with the hill-folk.

FIRST SENTRY. Yet sometimes, the gods laugh.

SECOND SENTRY. At whom?

FIRST SENTRY. At kings.

SECOND SENTRY. Why have you grown uneasy about this war in the hills?

FIRST SENTRY. Because the King is powerful beyond any of his fathers, and has more fighting-men, more horses, and wealth than could have ransomed his father and his grandfather and dowered their queens and daughters; and every year his miners bring him more from the opal mines and from the turquoise quarries. He has grown very mighty.

SECOND SENTRY. Then he will the more easily crush the hill-folk in a little war.

FIRST SENTRY. When kings grow very mighty the stars grow very jealous.

BOY. I have written your poem.

GIRL. Oh, have you really?

BOY. Yes, I'll read it to you.

[Reads] "I saw a purple bird
Go up against the sky,
And it went up and up
And round about did fly.
I saw it die."

GIRL. It doesn't scan.

BOY. That doesn't matter.

[Enter furtively a SPY, he crosses stage,
exit. The sentries cease to talk.]

GIRL. That man frightens me.

BOY. He is only one of the King's spies.

GIRL. But I don't like, the King's spies. They frighten me.

BOY. Come on then, we'll run away.

SENTRY [*noticing children again*]. Go away, go away. The King is coming, he will eat you.

[BOY *throws a stone at the* SENTRY *and exit.*

Enter another SPY, he crosses the stage. Enter third SPY, he notices the door. Examines it and utters an owl-like whistle. No. 2 comes back. They do not speak. Both whistle. No. 3 comes. All examine the door. Enter the KING and his CHAMBERLAIN. The KING wears a purple robe. SENTRIES smartly transfer their spears to their left hands and return their right arms to their right sides. They then lower their spears until their points are within an inch of the ground, at the same time raising their right hands above their heads. They stand for some moments thus. Then they lower their right arms to their right sides at the same time raising their spears. In the next motion they take their spears into their right hands and lower the butts to the floor where they were before, the spears slanting forward a

little. . . Both sentries must move together precisely.

FIRST SPY [*runs forward to the KING and kneels, abasing his forehead to the floor, loq.*] Something has written on the iron door.

CHAMBERLAIN. On the iron door!

KING. Some fool has done it. Who has been here since yesterday?

FIRST SENTRY [*shifts his hand a little higher on his spear, brings the spear to his side and closes his heels all in one motion, he then takes one pace backwards with his right foot, then he kneels on his right knee. When he has done this he speaks, but not before*]. Nobody, Majesty, but a stranger from Thessaly.

KING. Did he touch the iron door?

FIRST SENTRY. No, Majesty; he tried to, but we drove him away.

KING. How near did he come?

FIRST SENTRY. Nearly to our spears, Majesty.

KING. What was his motive in seeking to touch the iron door?

FIRST SENTRY. I do not know, Majesty.

KING. Which way did he go?

FIRST SENTRY [*pointing left*]. That way, Majesty, an hour ago.

[*The KING whispers with one of his SPIES, who stoops and examines the ground and steals away. SENTRY rises.*

KING [*to his two remaining SPIES*]. What does this writing say?

A SPY. We cannot read, Majesty.

KING. A good spy should know everything.

SECOND SPY. We watch, Majesty, and we search out, Majesty. We read shadows, and we read footprints, and whispers in secret places. But we do not read writing.

KING. [*to CHAMBERLAIN*]. See what it is.

CHAMBERLAIN [*goes up and reads*]. It is treason, Majesty.

KING. Read it.

CHAMBERLAIN.

"I saw a purple bird
Go up against the sky,
And it went up and up
And round about did fly.
I saw it die."

FIRST SENTRY [*aside*]. The stars have spoken.

KING [*to SENTRY*]. Has anyone been here but the stranger from Thessaly?

SENTRY [*kneeling as before*]. Nobody, Majesty.

KING. You saw nothing?

THE GOLDEN DOOM

69

FIRST SENTRY. Nothing but a dog far out upon the plain and the children of the guard at play.

KING [*to* SECOND SENTRY]. And you?

SECOND SENTRY [*kneeling*]. Nothing, Majesty.

CHAMBERLAIN. That is strange.

KING. It is some secret warning.

CHAMBERLAIN. It is treason.

KING. It is from the stars.

CHAMBERLAIN. No, no, Majesty. Not from the stars, not from the stars. Some man has done it. Yet the thing should be interpreted. Shall I send for the prophets of the stars?

[*The KING beckons to his SPIES. They run up to him.*]

KING. Find me some prophet of the stars. [*Exeunt SPIES.*] I fear that we may go no more, my chamberlain, along the winding ways of unequalled Zericon, nor play dahoori with the golden balls. I have thought more of my people than of the stars and more of Zericon than of windy heaven.

CHAMBERLAIN. Believe me, Majesty, some idle man has written it and passed by. Your spies shall find him, and then his name will be soon forgotten.

[*The KING whispers with one of his SPIES, who stoops and examines the ground and steals away. SENTRY rises.*

KING [*to his two remaining SPIES*]. What does this writing say?

A SPY. We cannot read, Majesty.

KING. A good spy should know everything.

SECOND SPY. We watch, Majesty, and we search out, Majesty. We read shadows, and we read footprints, and whispers in secret places. But we do not read writing.

KING. [*to CHAMBERLAIN*]. See what it is.

CHAMBERLAIN [*goes up and reads*]. It is treason, Majesty.

KING. Read it.

CHAMBERLAIN.

"I saw a purple bird
Go up against the sky,
'And it went up and up
And round about did fly.
I saw it die.'

FIRST SENTRY [*aside*]. The stars have spoken.

KING [*to SENTRY*]. Has anyone been here but the stranger from Thessaly?

SENTRY [*kneeling as before*]. Nobody, Majesty.

KING. You saw nothing?

THE GOLDEN DOOM

69

FIRST SENTRY. Nothing but a dog far out upon the plain and the children of the guard at play.

KING [*to* SECOND SENTRY]. And you?

SECOND SENTRY [*kneeling*]. Nothing, Majesty.

CHAMBERLAIN. That is strange.

KING. It is some secret warning.

CHAMBERLAIN. It is treason.

KING. It is from the stars.

CHAMBERLAIN. No, no, Majesty. Not from the stars, not from the stars. Some man has done it. Yet the thing should be interpreted. Shall I send for the prophets of the stars?

[*The KING beckons to his SPIES. They run up to him.*]

KING. Find me some prophet of the stars. [*Exeunt SPIES.*] I fear that we may go no more, my chamberlain, along the winding ways of unequalled Zericon, nor play dahoori with the golden balls. I have thought more of my people than of the stars and more of Zericon than of windy heaven.

CHAMBERLAIN. Believe me, Majesty, some idle man has written it and passed by. Your spies shall find him, and then his name will be soon forgotten.

KING. Yes, yes. Perhaps you are right, though the sentries saw no one. No doubt some beggar did it.

CHAMBERLAIN. Yes, Majesty, some beggar has surely done it. But look, here come two prophets of the stars. They shall tell us that this is idle.

[Enter two PROPHETS, a BOY attending them. All bow deeply to the KING. The two SPIES steal in again and stand at back.]

KING. Some beggar has written a rhyme on the iron gate, and as the ways of rhyme are known to you I desired you, rather as poets than as prophets, to say whether there was any meaning in it.

CHAMBERLAIN. 'Tis but an idle rhyme.

FIRST PROPHET [*bows again and goes up to the door. He glances at the writing, loq*]. Come hither, servant of those that serve the stars.

[ATTENDANT approaches.]

FIRST PROPHET. Bring hither our golden cloaks, for this may be a matter for rejoicing; and bring our green cloaks also, for this may tell of young new beautiful things with which the stars will one day gladden the King; and bring our black cloaks also, for it may be a doom. [*Exit*

BOY. PROPHET goes up to door and reads solemnly.] The stars have spoken.

[*Re-enter ATTENDANT with cloaks.*

KING. I tell you that some beggar has written this.

FIRST PROPHET. It is written in pure gold.

[*He dons the black cloak over body and head.*

KING. What do the stars mean? What warning is it?

FIRST PROPHET. I cannot say. [*He walks away, chanting*]. Larimonas. Lahee, lahee, larimonas. Eleerithon. Eilab. Areelonar.

KING. [*to SECOND PROPHET*]. Come you, then, and tell us what the warning is.

SECOND PROPHET [*goes up to door and reads*]. The stars have spoken.

[*He cloaks himself in black.*

KING. What is it? What does it mean?

SECOND PROPHET. We do not know, 'but' it is from the stars.

CHAMBERLAIN. It is a harmless thing; there is no harm in it, Majesty. Why should not birds die?

SECOND PROPHET. Larimonas. Lahee, lahee, larimonas. Eleerithon. Eilab. Areelonar.

KING. Why have the prophets covered themselves in black?

CHAMBERLAIN. They are a secret people and look for inner meanings. There is no harm in it.

KING. They have covered themselves in black.

CHAMBERLAIN. They have not spoken of any evil thing. They have not spoken of it.

KING. If the people see the prophets covered in black they will say that the stars are against me and believe that my luck has turned.

CHAMBERLAIN. The people must not know.

KING. Some prophet must interpret to us the doom. Let the chief prophet of the stars be sent for.

CHAMBERLAIN [*going towards left exit*]. Summon the chief prophet of the stars that look on Zericon.

VOICES OFF. The chief prophet of the stars. The chief prophet of the stars.

CHAMBERLAIN. I have summoned the chief prophet, Majesty.

KING. If he interpret this aright I will put a necklace of turquoises round his neck with opals from the mines.

CHAMBERLAIN. He will not fail. He is a very cunning interpreter.

KING. What if he covers himself with a huge black cloak and does not speak and goes muttering away, slowly, with bended head, till our fear spreads to the sentries and they cry aloud?

CHAMBERLAIN. This is no doom from the stars, but some idle scribe hath written it in his insolence upon the iron door, wasting his hoard of gold.

KING. Not for myself I have a fear of doom, not for myself: but I inherited a rocky land, a windy and ill-nurtured, and nursed it to prosperity by years of peace and spread its boundaries by years of war. I have brought harvests up out of barren acres and given good laws unto naughty towns, and my people are happy, and lo! the stars are angry.

CHAMBERLAIN. It is not the stars, it is not the stars, Majesty, for the prophets of the stars have not interpreted it. Indeed it was only some reveller wasting his gold.

[*Meanwhile enter* CHIEF PROPHET *of the stars that look on Zericon.*]

KING. Chief Prophet of the stars that look on Zericon, I would have you interpret the rhyme upon yonder doof.

CHIEF PROPHET [*goes up to the door and reads, loq.*]. It is from the stars.

KING. Interpret it and you shall have great turquoises round your neck, with opals from the mines in the frozen mountains.

CHIEF PROPHET [*cloaks himself like the others in a great black cloak, loq.*]. Who should wear purple in the land but a king, or who go up against the sky but he who has troubled the stars by neglecting their ancient worship? Such an one has gone up and up, increasing power and wealth, such an one has soared above the crowns of

those that went before him, such, an one the stars have doomed, the undying ones, the illustrious.

[A pause.]

KING. Who wrote it?

CHIEF PROPHET. It is pure gold. Some god has written it.

CHAMBERLAIN. Some god?

CHIEF PROPHET. Some god whose home is among the undying stars.

FIRST SENTRY [*aside to SECOND*]. Last night I saw a star go flaming earthwards.

CHIEF PROPHET. Larimonas. Lahee. lahee, larimonas. Eleerithon. Eilab. Areelonar.

KING. Is this a warning or is it a doom?

CHIEF PROPHET. The stars have spoken.

KING. It is then a doom?

CHIEF PROPHET. They speak not, in jest.

KING. I have been a great king . . . Let it be said of me, "The stars overthrew him, and they sent a god for his doom." For I have not met my equal among kings that man should overthrow me; and I have not oppressed my people that man should rise up against me.

CHIEF PROPHET. It is better to give worship to the stars than to do good to man. It is better to be humble before the gods than proud in the face of your enemy though he do evil.

KING. Let the stars hearken yet and I will sacrifice a child to them. I will sacrifice a girl-

THE GOLDEN DOOM

55

child to the twinkling stars and a male child to the stars that blink not, the stars of the steadfast eyes. [*To his SPIES*] Let a boy and a girl be brought for sacrifice. [*Exit a SPY right, looking at footprints.*] Will you accept this sacrifice to the god that the stars have sent? They say that the gods love children.

CHIEF PROPHET. I may refuse no sacrifice to the stars, nor to the gods whom they send. [*To other PROPHETS*] Make ready the sacrificial knives. [*PROPHETS, draw knives and sharpen them.*]

KING. Is it fitting that the sacrifice take place by the iron door where the god from the stars has trod; or must it be in the temple?

CHIEF PROPHET. Let it be offered by the iron door. [*To other PROPHETS*] Fetch hither the altar-stone.

The owl-like whistle is heard off right.

Third SPY runs crouching towards it.

Exit.

KING. Will this sacrifice avail to avert the doom?

CHIEF PROPHET. Who knows?

KING. I fear that even yet the doom will fall.

CHIEF PROPHET. It were wise to sacrifice some greater thing.

KING. What more can a man offer!

those that went before him, such an one the stars have doomed, the undying ones, the illustrious.

[A pause.]

KING. Who wrote it?

CHIEF PROPHET. It is pure gold. Some god has written it.

CHAMBERLAIN. Some god?

CHIEF PROPHET. Some god whose home is among the undying stars.

FIRST SENTRY [*aside to SECOND*]. Last night I saw a star go flaming earthwards.

CHIEF PROPHET. Larimonas. Lahee. lahee, larimonas. Eleerithon. Eilab. Arelonar.

KING. Is this a warning or is it a doom?

CHIEF PROPHET. The stars have spoken.

KING. It is then a doom?

CHIEF PROPHET. They speak not in jest.

KING. I have been a great king . . . Let it be said of me, "The stars overthrew him, and they sent a god for his doom." For I have not met my equal among kings that man should overthrow me; and I have not oppressed my people that man should rise up against me.

CHIEF PROPHET. It is better to give worship to the stars than to do good to man. It is better to be humble before the gods than proud in the face of your enemy though he do evil.

KING. Let the stars hearken yet and I will sacrifice a child to them. I will sacrifice a girl-

THE GOLDEN DOOM

5

child to the twinkling stars and a male child to the stars that blink not, the stars of the steadfast eyes. [*To his SPIES*] Let a boy and a girl be brought for sacrifice. [*Exit a SPY right, looking at footprints.*] Will you accept this sacrifice to the god that the stars have sent? They say that the gods love children.

CHIEF PROPHET. I may refuse no sacrifice to the stars, nor to the gods whom they send. [*To other PROPHETS*] Make ready the 'sacrificial knives. [*PROPHETS, draw knives and sharpen them.*]

KING. Is it fitting that the sacrifice take place by the iron door where the god from the stars has trod; or must it be in the temple?

CHIEF PROPHET. Let it be offered by the iron door. [*To other PROPHETS*] Fetch hither the altar-stone.

The owl-like whistle is heard off right.

Third SPY runs crouching towards it.
Exit.

KING. Will this sacrifice avail to avert the doom?

CHIEF PROPHET. Who knows?

KING. I fear that even yet the doom will fall.

CHIEF PROPHET. It were wise to sacrifice some greater thing.

KING. What more can a man offer!

CHIEF PROPHET. His pride.

KING. What pride?

CHIEF PROPHET. Your pride that went up against the sky and troubled the stars.

KING. How shall I sacrifice my pride to the stars?

CHIEF PROPHET. It is upon your pride that the doom will fall, and will take away your crown and will take away your kingdom.

KING. I will sacrifice my crown and reign uncrowned amongst you, so only I save my kingdom.

CHIEF PROPHET. If you sacrifice your crown, which is your pride, and if the stars accept it, perhaps the god that they sent may avert the doom and you may still reign in your kingdom, though humbled and uncrowned.

KING. Shall I burn my crown with spices and with incense or cast it into the sea?

CHIEF PROPHET. Let it be laid here by the iron door where the god came who wrote the golden doom. When he comes again by night to shrivel up the city or to pour an enemy in through the iron door he will see your cast-off pride and perhaps accept it and take it away to the neglected stars.

KING [*to CHAMBERLAIN*]. Go after my spies and say that I make no sacrifice. [*Exit CHAMBERLAIN, right. Taking off his crown*] Good-bye,

THE GOLDEN DOOM

77

my brittle glory; kings have sought you; the stars have envied you. [*The stage grows darker.*]

CHIEF PROPHET. Even now the sun has set who denies the stars, and the day is departed wherein no gods walk abroad. It is near the hour when spirits roam the earth and all things that go unseen, and the faces of the abiding stars will be soon revealed to the fields. Lay your crown there and let us come away.

[*The KING lays his crown and sceptre before the iron door.*]

KING [*to SENTRIES.*] Go. And let no man come near the door all night.

SENTRIES [*kneeling*]. Yes, Majesty.

[*They remain kneeling until after the KING has gone.* KING and CHIEF PROPHET walk away.]

CHIEF PROPHET. It was your pride. Let it be forgotten. May the stars accept it.

[*Exeunt left. The SENTRIES rise.*]

FIRST SENTRY. The stars have envied him!

SECOND SENTRY. It is an ancient crown. He wore it well.

FIRST SENTRY. May the stars accept it.

SECOND SENTRY. If they do not accept it what doom will overtake him?

FIRST SENTRY. It will suddenly be as though there were never any city of Zericon, nor

two sentries like you and me standing before the door.

SECOND SENTRY. Why! How do you know?

FIRST SENTRY. That is ever the way of the gods.

SECOND SENTRY. But it is unjust.

FIRST SENTRY. How should the gods know that?

SECOND SENTRY. Will it happen to-night?

FIRST SENTRY. Come, we must march away.

Exeunt right. The stage grows increasingly darker. Re-enter CHAMBERLAIN, right. He walks across the stage. Exit left. Re-enter SPIES, right. They cross the stage. The stage is now nearly dark. Enter BOY, right, dressed in white—his hands out a little.

BOY. King's door, King's door, I want my little hoop.

[He goes up to the KING'S door. When he sees the KING'S crown there he utters a satisfied "Oh-h!" He takes it up and puts it on the ground and beating it before him with the sceptre goes out by the way that he entered. The great door opens, there is light within; a furtive SPY slips out, sees crown is gone. Another SPY slips out. Their

THE GOLDEN DOOM

79

crouching heads come close together.

FIRST SPY [*hbarse whisper*]. The gods have
come.

[*They run back through the door and the
door is closed. It opens again and the
KING and CHAMBERLAIN come through
KING.* The stars are satisfied.

CURTAIN

—*Lord Dunsany.*

two sentries like you and me standing before the door.

SECOND SENTRY. Why! How do you know?

FIRST SENTRY. That is ever the way of the gods.

SECOND SENTRY. But it is unjust.

FIRST SENTRY. How should the gods know that?

SECOND SENTRY. Will it happen to-night?

FIRST SENTRY. Come, we must march away.

Exeunt right. The stage grows increasingly darker. Re-enter CHAMBERLAIN, right. He walks across the stage. Exit left. Re-enter SPIES, right. They cross the stage. The stage is now nearly dark. Enter BOY, right, dressed in white—his hands out a little.

BOY. King's door, King's door, I want my little hoop.

[He goes up to the KING'S door. When he sees the KING'S crown there he utters a satisfied "Oh-h!" He takes it up and puts it on the ground and beating it before him with the sceptre goes out by the way that he entered. The great door opens, there is light within; a furtive SPY slips out, sees crown is gone. Another SPY slips out. Their

crouching heads come close together.

FIRST SPY [*harse whisper*]. The gods have
come.

[*They run back through the door and the
door is closed. It opens again and the
KING and CHAMBERLAIN come through
KING. The stars are satisfied.*

CURTAIN

—*Lord Dunsany.*

two sentries like you and me standing before the door.

SECOND SENTRY. Why! How do you know?

FIRST SENTRY. That is ever the way of the gods.

SECOND SENTRY. But it is unjust.

FIRST SENTRY. How should the gods know that?

SECOND SENTRY. Will it happen to-night?

FIRST SENTRY. Come, we must march away.

Exeunt right. The stage grows increasingly darker. Re-enter CHAMBERLAIN, right. He walks across the stage. Exit left. Re-enter SPIES, right. They cross the stage. The stage is now nearly dark. Enter BOY, right, dressed in white—his hands out a little.

BOY. King's door, King's door, I want my little hoop.

[He goes up to the KING'S door. When he sees the KING'S crown there he utters a satisfied "Oh-h!" He takes it up and puts it on the ground and beating it before him with the sceptre goes out by the way that he entered. The great door opens, there is light within; a furtive SPY slips out, sees crown is gone. Another SPY slips out. Their

THE GOLDEN DOOM

79

crouching heads come close together.
FIRST SPY [*hbarse whisper*]. The gods have
come.

[*They run back through the door and the
door is closed. It opens again and the
KING and CHAMBERLAIN come through*
KING. The stars are satisfied.

CURTAIN

—Lord Dunsany.

OF REVENGE

abolish
present
injured
Revenge is a kind of wild justice, which the more a man's nature runs to, the more ought law to weed it out. For as for the first wrong, it doth but offend the law; but the revenge of that wrong putteth the law out of office.

undo the wrong
Certainly in taking revenge a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing it over he is superior; for it is a prince's part to pardon. And Solomon, I am sure, saith, 'It is the glory of a man to pass by an offence.' That which is past is gone and ^{and cannot be recovered} irrevocable, and wise men have enough to do with things present and to come. Therefore they do but trifle with themselves that labour in past matters.

they find
There is no man doth a wrong for the wrong's sake; but thereby to purchase himself profit, or pleasure, or honour, or the like. Therefore why should I be angry with a man for loving himself better than me? And if any man should do wrong merely out of ill-nature, why, yet it is but like the thorn or briar, which prick or scratch, because they can do no other.

The most tolerable sort of revenge is for those wrongs which there is no law to remedy; but then let a man take heed the revenge be such as there is

no law to punish; else a man's enemy is still before-hand, and it is two for one.

Some, when they take revenge, are desirous the party should know whence it cometh; this is the more generous. For the delight seemeth to be not so much in doing the hurt as in making the party repent. But base and crafty cowards are like the arrow that flieth in the dark.

Cosmus, Duke of Florence, had a desperate saying against perfidious or neglecting friends, as if those wrongs were unpardonable. 'You shall read,' saith he, 'that we are commanded to forgive our enemies; but you never read that we are commanded to forgive our friends.' But yet the spirit of Job was in a better tune. 'Shall we,' saith he, 'take good at God's hands, and not be content to take evil also?' And so of friends in a proportion.

This is certain, that a man that studieth revenge keeps his own wounds green, which otherwise would heal and do well. Public revenges are for the most part fortunate; as that for the death of Cæsar, for the death of Pertinax, for the death of Henry III of France, and many more, but in private revenges it is not so, nay, rather vindictive persons live the life of witches, who, as they are mischievous, so end they unfortunate.

—Francis Bacon.

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS

Going yesterday to dine with an old acquaintance, I had the misfortune to find his whole family very much dejected. Upon asking him the occasion of it, he told me that his wife had dreamt a very strange dream the night before, which they were afraid portended some misfortune to themselves or to their children. At her coming into the room, I observed a settled melancholy in her countenance, which I should have been troubled for, had I not heard from whence it proceeded.

We were no sooner sat down, but after having looked upon me a little while, 'My dear,' says she, turning to her husband, 'you may now see the stranger that was in the candle last night.' Soon after this, as they began to talk of family affairs, a little boy at the lower end of the table told her that he was to go into join-hand on Thursday. 'Thursday!' says she. 'No, child; if it please God, you shall not begin upon Childermas-day; tell your writing-master that Friday will be soon enough.'

I was reflecting with myself on the oddness of her fancy; and wondering that anybody would establish it as a rule, to lose a day in every week. In the midst of these my musings, she desired me

to reach her a little salt upon the point of my knife, which I did in such a trepidation and hurry of obedience that I let it drop by the way; at which she immediately started, and said it fell towards her. Upon this I looked very blank; and observing the concern of the whole table, began to consider myself, with some confusion, as a person that had brought a disaster upon the family. The lady, however, recovering herself after a little space; said to her husband with a sigh, 'My dear, misfortunes never come single.'

My friend, I found, acted but an under part at his table, and, being a man of more good nature than understanding, thinks himself obliged to fall in with all the passions and humours of his yoke-fellow. 'Do not you remember, child,' says she, 'that the pigeon-house fell the very afternoon that our careless wench spilt the salt upon the table?' — 'Yes,' says he, 'my dear, and the next post brought us an account of the battle of Almanza.'

The reader may guess at the figure I made, after having done all this mischief. I dispatched my dinner as soon as I could, with my usual taciturnity; when, to my utter confusion, the lady seeing me quitting my knife and fork, and laying them across one another upon my plate, desired me that I would humour her so far as to take them out of that figure, and place them side by side. What the absurdity was which I had committed

I did not know, but I suppose there was some traditionary superstition in it; and therefore, in obedience to the lady of the house, I disposed of my knife and fork in two parallel lines, which is the figure I shall always lay them in for the future, though I do not know any reason for it.

It is not difficult for a man to see that a person has conceived an aversion to him. For my own part I quickly found, by the lady's looks, that she regarded me as a very odd kind of fellow, with an unfortunate aspect. For which reason I took my leave immediately after dinner, and withdrew to my own lodgings. Upon my return home, I fell into a profound contemplation on the evils that attend these superstitious follies of mankind; how they subject us to imaginary afflictions, and additional sorrows, that do not properly come within our lot. As if the natural calamities of life were not sufficient for it, we turn the most indifferent circumstances into misfortunes, and suffer as much from trifling accidents as from real evils.

I have known the shooting of a star spoil a night's rest; and have seen a man in love grow pale, and lose his appetite, upon the plucking of a merry-thought. A screech-owl at midnight has alarmed a family more than a band of robbers; nay, the voice of a cricket hath struck more terror than the roaring of a lion. There is nothing so

inconsiderable which may not appear dreadful to an imagination that is filled with omens and prognostics: a rusty nail or a crooked pin shoot up into prodigies.

Many an old maid produces infinite disturbances of this kind among her friends and neighbours. I know a maiden aunt of a great family, who is one of these antiquated Sibyls, that forebodes and prophesies from one end of the year to the other. She is always seeing apparitions and hearing death-watches; and was the other day almost frightened out of her wits by the great house-dog that howled in the stable, at a time when she lay ill of the toothache.

Such an extravagant cast of mind engages multitudes of people not only in impertinent terrors, but in supernumerary duties of life, and arises from that fear and ignorance which are natural to the soul of man. The horror with which we entertain the thoughts of death or indeed of any future evil, and the uncertainty of its approach, fill a melancholy mind with innumerable apprehensions and suspicions, and consequently dispose it to the observation of such groundless prodigies and predictions. For as it is the chief concern of wise men to retrench the evils of life by the reasonings of philosophy, it is the employment of fools to multiply them by the sentiments of superstition.

I did not know, but I suppose there was some traditionary superstition in it; and therefore, in obedience to the lady of the house, I disposed of my knife and fork in two parallel lines, which is the figure I shall always lay them in for the future, though I do not know any reason for it.

It is not difficult for a man to see that a person has conceived an aversion to him. For my own part I quickly found, by the lady's looks, that she regarded me as a very odd kind of fellow, with an unfortunate aspect. For which reason I took my leave immediately after dinner, and withdrew to my own lodgings. Upon my return home, I fell into a profound contemplation on the evils that attend these superstitious follies of mankind; how they subject us to imaginary afflictions, and additional sorrows, that do not properly come within our lot. As if the natural calamities of life were not sufficient for it, we turn the most indifferent circumstances into misfortunes, and suffer as much from trifling accidents as from real evils.

I have known the shooting of a star spoil a night's rest; and have seen a man in love grow pale, and lose his appetite, upon the plucking of a merry-thought. A screech-owl at midnight has alarmed a family more than a band of robbers; nay, the voice of a cricket hath struck more terror than the roaring of a lion. There is nothing so

inconsiderable which may not appear dreadful to an imagination that is filled with omens and prognostics: a rusty nail or a crooked pin shoot up into prodigies.

Many an old maid produces infinite disturbances of this kind among her friends and neighbours. I know a maiden aunt of a great family, who is one of these antiquated Sibyls, that forebodes and prophesies from one end of the year to the other. She is always seeing apparitions and hearing death-watches; and was the other day almost frightened out of her wits by the great house-dog that howled in the stable, at a time when she lay ill of the toothache.

Such an extravagant cast of mind engages multitudes of people not only in impertinent terrors, but in supernumerary duties of life, and arises from that fear and ignorance which are natural to the soul of man. The horror with which we entertain the thoughts of death, or indeed of any future evil, and the uncertainty of its approach, fill a melancholy mind with innumerable apprehensions and suspicions, and consequently dispose it to the observation of such groundless prodigies and predictions. For as it is the chief concern of wise men to retrench the evils of life by the reasonings of philosophy, it is the employment of fools to multiply them by the sentiments of superstition.

I did not know, but I suppose there was some traditionary superstition in it; and therefore, in obedience to the lady of the house, I disposed of my knife and fork in two parallel lines, which is the figure I shall always lay them in for the future, though I do not know any reason for it.

It is not difficult for a man to see that a person has conceived an aversion to him. For my own part I quickly found, by the lady's looks, that she regarded me as a very odd kind of fellow, with an unfortunate aspect. For which reason I took my leave immediately after dinner, and withdrew to my own lodgings. Upon my return home, I fell into a profound contemplation on the evils that attend these superstitious follies of mankind; how they subject us to imaginary afflictions, and additional sorrows, that do not properly come within our lot. As if the natural calamities of life were not sufficient for it, we turn the most indifferent circumstances into misfortunes, and suffer as much from trifling accidents as from real evils.

I have known the shooting of a star spoil a night's rest; and have seen a man in love grow pale, and lose his appetite, upon the plucking of a merry-thought. A screech-owl at midnight has alarmed a family more than a band of robbers; nay, the voice of a cricket hath struck more terror than the roaring of a lion. There is nothing so

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS -

inconsiderable which may not appear dreadful to an imagination that is filled with omens and prognostics: a rusty nail or a crooked pin shoot up into prodigies.

Many an old maid produces infinite disturbances of this kind among her friends and neighbours. I know a maiden aunt of a great family, who is one of these antiquated Sibyls, that forebodes and prophesies from one end of the year to the other. She is always seeing apparitions and hearing death-watches and was the other day almost frightened out of her wits by the great house-dog that howled in the stable, at a time when she lay ill of the toothache.

Such an extravagant cast of mind engages multitudes of people not only in impertinent terrors, but in supernumerary duties of life, and arises from that fear and ignorance which are natural to the soul of man. The horror with which we entertain the thoughts of death or, indeed of any future evil, and the uncertainty of its approach, fill a melancholy mind with innumerable apprehensions and suspicions, and consequently dispose it to the observation of such omens, and predictions. For as it is the duty of wise men to retrace the workings of philosophy, it is the duty of fools to multiply them by the observation of such omens.

For my own part, I should be very much troubled were I endowed with this divining quality, though it should inform me truly of everything that can befall me. I would not anticipate the relish of any happiness, nor feel the weight of any misery, before it actually arrives.

I know but one way of fortifying my soul against these gloomy presages and terrors of mind; and that is, by securing to myself the friendship and protection of that Being who disposes of events and governs futurity. He sees, at one view, the whole thread of my existence, not only that part of it which I have already passed through, but that which runs forward into all the depths of eternity. When I lay me down to sleep, I recommend myself to His care; when I awake, I give myself up to His direction. Amidst all the evils that threaten me, I will look up to Him for help, and question not but He will either avert them, or turn them to my advantage. Though I know neither the time nor the manner of the death I am to die, I am not at all solicitous about it, because I am sure that He knows them both, and that He will not fail to comfort and support me under them.

—Joseph Addison.

THE CONVALESCENT

A pretty severe fit of indisposition which, under the name of a nervous fever, has made a prisoner of me for some weeks past, and is but slowly leaving me, has reduced me to an incapacity of reflecting upon any topic foreign to itself. Expect no healthy conclusions from me this month, reader; I can offer you only sick men's dreams.

And truly the whole state of sickness is such; for what else is it but a magnificent dream for a man to lie a-bed, and draw daylight curtains about him; and, shutting out the sun, to induce a total oblivion of all the works which are going on under it? To become insensible to all the operations of life, except the beatings of one feeble pulse?

If there be a regal solitude, it is a sick-bed. How the patient lords it there; what caprices he acts without control! how king-like he sways his pillow—tumoling, and tossing, and shifting, and lowering, and thumping, and flattening, and moulding it, to the ever-varying requisitions of his throbbing temples.

He changes sides oftener than a politician. Now he lies full length, then half length,

obliquely, transversely, head and feet quite across the bed; and none accuses him of tergiversation. Within the four curtains he is absolute. They are his *Mare Clausum*.

How sickness enlarges the dimensions of a man's self to himself! he is his own, exclusive object. Supreme selfishness is inculcated upon him as his only duty. 'Tis the Two Tables of the Law to him. He has nothing to think of but how to get well. What passes out of doors, or within them, so he hear not the jarring of them, affects him not.

A little while ago he was greatly concerned in the event of a lawsuit, which was to be the making or the marring of his dearest friend. He was to be seen trudging about upon this man's errand to fifty quarters of the town at once, jogging this witness, refreshing that solicitor. The cause was to come on yesterday. He is absolutely as indifferent to the decision as if it were a question to be tried at Peking. Peradventure from some whispering, going on about the house, not intended for his hearing, he picks up enough to make him understand that things went cross-grained in the court yesterday, and his friend is ruined. But the word 'friend,' and the word 'ruin,' disturb him no more than so much jargon. He is not to think of anything but how to get better.

What a world of foreign cares are merged in that absorbing consideration!

He has put on his strong armour of sickness, he is wrapped in the callous hide of suffering; he keeps his sympathy, like some curious vintage, under trusty lock and key, for his own use only.

He lies pitying himself, honing and moaning to himself; he yearneth over himself: his bowels are even melted within him to think what he suffers; he is not ashamed to weep over himself.

He is for ever plotting how to do some good to himself: studying little stratagems and artificial alleviations.

He makes the most of himself; dividing himself, by an allowable fiction, into as many distinct individuals as he hath sore and sorrowing members. Sometimes he meditates—as of a thing apart from him—upon his poor aching head, and that dull pain which, dozing or waking, lay in it all the past night like a log, or palpable substance of pain, not to be removed without opening the very skull, as it seemed, to take it thence. Or he pities his long, clammy, attenuated fingers. He compassionates himself all over; and his bed is a very discipline of humanity, and tender heart.

He is his own sympathiser; and instinctively feels that none can so well perform that office for him. He cares for few spectators to his tragedy. Only that punctual face of the old nurse pleases

him, that announces his broths and his cordials. He likes it because it is so unmoved, and because he can pour forth his feverish ejaculations before it as unreservedly as to his bed-post.

To the world's business he is dead. He understands not what the callings and occupations of mortals are; only he has a glimmering conceit of some such thing, when the doctor makes his daily call; and even in the lines on that busy face he reads no multiplicity of patients, but solely conceives of himself as *the sick man*. To what other uneasy couch the good man is hastening, when he slips out of his chamber, folding up his thin *douceur* so carefully, for fear of rustling—is no speculation which he can at present entertain. He thinks only of the regular return of the same phenomenon at the same hour to-morrow.

Household rumours touch him not. Some faint murmur, indicative of life going on within the house, soothes him, while he knows not distinctly what it is. He is not to know anything, not to think of anything. Servants gliding up or down the distant staircase, treading as upon velvet, gently keep his ear awake, so long as he troubles not himself further than with some feeble guess at their errands. Exact knowledge would be a burthen to him: he can just endure the pressure of conjecture. He opens his eye faintly

at the dull stroke of the muffled knocker, and closes it again without asking 'Who was it?' He is flattered by a general notion that inquiries are making after him, but he cares not to know the name of the inquirer. In the general stillness, and awful hush of the house, he lies in state, and feels his sovereignty.

To be sick is to enjoy monarchal prerogatives. Compare the silent tread and quite ministry, almost by the eye only, with which he is served—with the careless demeanour, the unceremonious goings in and out (slapping of doors, or leaving them open) of the very same attendants, when he is getting a little better—and you will confess, that from the bed of sickness (thence let me rather call it) to the elbow-chair of convalescence, is a fall from dignity, amounting to a deposition.

How convalescence shrinks a man back to his pristine stature! Where is now the space, which he occupied so lately, in his own, in the family's eye?

The scene of his regalities, his sick-room, which was his presence-chamber, where he lay and acted his despotic fancies—how is it reduced to a common bedroom! The trimness of the very bed has something petty and unmeaning about it. It is made every day. How unlike to that wavy, many-furrowed, oceanic surface, which it presented so short a time since, when to make it was a

service not to be thought of at oftener than three or four day revolutions, when the patient was with pain and grief to be lifted for a little while out of it, to submit to the encroachments of unwelcome neatness, and decencies which his shaken frame deprecated; then to be lifted into it again, for another three or four days' respite to flounder it out of shape again, while every fresh furrow was an historical record of some shifting posture, some uneasy turning, some seeking for a little ease; and the shrunken skin scarce told a truer story than the crumpled coverlid.

Hushed are those mysterious sighs—those groans—so much more awful, while we knew not from what caverns of vast hidden suffering they proceeded. The Lernean pangs are quenched. The riddle of sickness is solved; and Philoctetes is become an ordinary personage.

Perhaps some relic of the sick man's dream of greatness survives in the still lingering visitations of the medical attendant. But how is he, too, changed with everything else? Can this be he—this man of news—of chat—of anecdote—of everything but physic—can this be he, who so lately came between the patient and his cruel enemy, as on some solemn embassy from Nature, erecting herself into a high mediating party?—Pshaw! 'tis some old woman.

Farewell with him all that made sickness

pompous—the spell that hushed the household—the desert-like stillness, felt throughout its inmost chambers—the mute attendance—the inquiry by looks—the still softer delicacies of self-attention—the sole and single eye of distemper alone fixed upon itself—world-thoughts excluded—the man a world unto himself—his own theatre—

What a speck is he dwindled into!

In this flat swamp of convalescence, left by the ebb of sickness, yet far enough from the terra-firma of established health, your note, dear Editor, reached me, requesting—an article. In Articulo Mortis, thought I; but it is something hard—and the quibble, wretched as it was, relieved me. The summons, unseasonable as it appeared, seemed to link me on again to the petty businesses of life, which I had lost sight of; a gentle call to activity, however trivial; a wholesome weaning from that preposterous dream of self-absorption—the puffy state of sickness—in which I confess to have lain so long, insensible to the magazines and monarchies of the world alike; to its laws, and to its literature. The hypochondriac flatus is subsiding; the acres, which in imagination I had spread over—for the sick man swells in the sole contemplation of his single sufferings, till he becomes a Tityus to himself—are wasting to a

small size
span; and for the giant of self-importance, which I was so lately, you have me once again in my natural pretensions—the lean and meagre figure of your insignificant Essayist. *278*

humble
—Charles Lamb.

Imp: for Explanations A PLEA FOR GAS LAMPS

Cities given, the problem was to light them. How to conduct individual citizens about the burgess-warren, when once heaven had withdrawn its leading luminary? or—since we live in a scientific age—when once our spinning planet has turned its back upon the sun? The moon, from time to time, was doubtless very helpful; the stars had a cheery look among the chimney-pots; and a cresset here and there, on church or citadel, produced a fine pictorial effect, and in places where the ground lay unevenly, held out the right hand of conduct to the benighted. But sun, moon, and stars abstracted or concealed, the night-faring inhabitant had to fall back—we speak on the authority of old prints—upon stable lanterns two storeys in height. Many holes, drilled in the conical turret-roof of this vagabond *wandering* Pharos, let up spouts of dazzlement into the bearer's eyes; and as he paced forth in the ghostly darkness, carrying his own sun by a ring about his finger, day and night swung to and fro and up and down about his footsteps. Blackness *gripping* *ghosts* haunted his path; he was beleaguered by goblins as he went; and, curfew being struck, he found no light but that he travelled in throughout the township.

Closely following on this epoch of migratory lanterns in a world of extinction, came the era of oil-lights, hard to kindle, easy to extinguish, pale and wavering in the hour of their endurance. Rudely puffed the winds of heaven: roguishly clomb up the all-destructive urchin, and, lo! in a moment night re-established her void empire, and the cit groped along the wall, suppered but bed-less occult from guidance, and sorribly wading in the kennels. As if gamesome winds and game-some youths were not sufficient, it was the habit to sling these feeble luminaries from house to house above the fairway. There, on invisible cordage, let them swing! And suppose some crane-necked general to go speeding by on a tall-charger, spurring the destiny of nations, red-hot in expedition, there would indubitably be some effusion of military blood, and oaths, and a certain crash of glass; and while the chieftain rode-forward with a purple coxcomb, the street would be left to original darkness, unpiloted, unvoyageable, a province of the desert night.

The conservative, looking before and after, draws from each ontemplation the matter for content. Out of the age of gas lamps he glances back slightly at the mirk and glimmer in which his ancestors wandered; his heart waxes jocund at the contrast; nor do his lips refrain from a stave, in the highest style of poetry, lauding pro-

gress and the golden mean. When gas first spread along a city, mapping it forth about evenfall for the eye of observant birds, a new age had begun for sociality and corporate pleasure-seeking, and begun with proper circumstance, becoming its own birthright. The work of Prometheus had advanced by another stride. Mankind and its supper parties were no longer at the mercy of a few miles of sea-fog; sundown no longer emptied the promenade; and the day was lengthened out to every man's fancy. The city-folk had stars of their own; biddable, domesticated stars.

It is true that these were not so steady, nor yet so clear, as their originals; nor indeed was their lustre so elegant as that of the best wax candles. But then the gas stars, being nearer at hand, were more practically efficacious than Jupiter himself. It is true again, that they did not unfold their rays with the appropriate sponsaneity of the planets, coming out along the firmament one after another, as the need arises. But the lamplighters took to their heels every evening, and ran with a good heart. It was pretty to see man thus emulating the punctuality of heaven's orbs; and though perfection was not absolutely reached, and now and then an individual may have been knocked on the head by the ladder of the flying functionary, yet people commended his

zeal in a proverb, and taught their children to say, "God bless the lamplighter!" And since his passage was a piece of the day's programme, the children were well pleased to repeat the benediction, not, of course, in so many words, which would have been improper, but in some chaste circumlocution, suitable for infant lips.

God bless him, indeed! For the term of his twilight diligence is near at hand; and for not much longer shall we watch him speeding up the street and, at measured intervals, knocking another luminous hole into the dusk. The Greeks would have made a noble myth of such an one; how he distributed starlight, and as soon as the need was over, re-collected it; and the little bull's-eye, which was his instrument, and held enough fire to kindle a whole parish, would have been fitly commemorated in the legend. Now, like all heroic tasks, his labours draw towards apotheosis, and in the light of victory himself shall disappear. For another advance has been effected. Our tame stars are to come out in future, not one by one, but all in a body and at once. A sedate electrician somewhere in a back office touches a spring—and behold! from one end to another of the city, from east to west, from the Alexandra to the Crystal Palace, there is light! *Fiat Lux*, says the sedate electrician. What a spectacle, on some clear, dark nightfall; from the edge of

Hampstead Hill, when in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the design of the monstrous city flashes into vision—a glittering hieroglyph many square miles in extent; and when, to borrow and debase an image, all the evening street-lamps burst together into song! Such is the spectacle of the future, preluded the other day by the experiment in Pall Mall. Star-rise by electricity, the most romantic flight of civilisation, the compensatory benefit for an innumerable array of factories and bankers' clerks. To the artistic spirit exercised about Thirlneffe, here is a crumb of consolation; consolatory, at least, to such of them as look out upon the world through seeing eyes, and contentedly accept beauty where it comes.

But the conservative, while lauding progress, is ever timid of innovation; his is the hand upheld to counsel pause; his is the signal advising slow advance. The word *electricity* now sounds the note of danger. In Paris, at the mouth of the Passage des Princes, in the place before the Opera portico, and in the Rue Drouot at the *Figaro* office, a new sort of urban star now shines out nightly, horrible, unearthly, obnoxious to the human eye; a lamp for a nightmare! Such a light as this should shine only on murders and public crime, or along the corridors of lunatic asylums; a horror to heighten horror. To look at it only once is to fall in love with gas, which

gives a warm domestic radiance fit to eat by. Mankind, you would have thought, might have remained content with what Prometheus stole for them and not gone fishing the profound heaven with kites to catch and domesticate the wildfire of the storm. Yet here we have the levin brand at our doors, and it is proposed that we should henceforward take our walks abroad in the glare of permanent lightning. A man need not be very superstitious if he scruple to follow his pleasures by the light of the Terror that Flieth, nor very epicurean if he prefer to see the face of beauty more becomingly displayed. That ugly blinding glare may not improperly advertise the home of slanderous Figaro, which is a back-shop to the infernal regions; but where soft joys prevail, where people are convoked to pleasure and the philosopher looks on smiling and silent, where love and laughter and deifying wine abound, there, at least, let the old mild lustre shine upon the ways of man.

—R. L. Stevenson.

THE ARTLESS ART OF REPARTEE

I have used the word "artless" in my title for good reason, for if there be even a suggestion of premeditation about a repartee, it ceases to be what it is meant for—its power is gone. It is true that repartee has been diagnosed, analysed and defined in many ways from early times down to our own day; but, instead of wearying my readers with the results of such investigations, I prefer to state briefly that in my opinion a good repartee is the saying of something on the spur of the moment which, by the unanimous consent of its hearers, leaves the person replied to practically destitute of further speech by way of defence.

We are told by some authorities that a repartee should be courteous in form, though severe in substance, and difficult either to mistake or to resent. It is undoubtedly so in its most polished guise—where it takes on a high form of wit and leaves no ranking sting behind—but inasmuch as some of the best repartees ever delivered are not of that highly polished order, crammed though they may be with cleverness, I do not see that they should be altogether excluded in treating of the subject. I agree rather with the Irishman who defined repartee as "an insult with its

dress suit on," because, like the quick and well-directed knockout blow of a champion of the prize ring, it cannot be dissociated altogether from brutality. A collection of smart replies which conformed too closely to the more polite and diplomatic standard might possess the elements of instruction, but would certainly be lacking in more amusing qualities.

No one is altogether immune from a witty reply: kings and others of exalted birth or high official standing, down to the man in the street, they all have had their turn: but the humorist is, of course, treading on rather dangerous ground when he knowingly takes too great a liberty with those of the highest rank, and when dealing with such the repartee has to be wrapped up with more than ordinary care if trouble is to be avoided.

There are many cases where smart replies have been served up so successfully with the sauce of courtesy that no mischief was likely to attend their authors, as, for instance, the following:

The Prince Regent being in Portsmouth one day, and seeing Jack Towers across the street, shouted out in his royal way: "Hullo, Towers! I hear you are the greatest blackguard in Portsmouth." Towers replied, with a low bow: "I hope your Royal Highness has not come here to take away my reputation."

The poet Waller had written a panegyric on the Lord Protector, and later on, at the Restoration, he addressed another ode of a eulogistic kind to Charles the Second. "Master Waller," said the King to him on his coming to Court, "the verses you wrote on Cromwell are far better than those you have written on me." "Sire," replied the courtier-like Waller, "poets always excel more in fiction than in truth."

Of a politer, but no less telling, kind was the reply of Provost Goodall to William the Fourth. "When he goes," said the King, speaking to Keate, and pointing to Goodall—"when he goes I'll make you him." "I couldn't think of going before your Majesty," said the Provost, with a profound bow. It was a case of clever courtesy against downright rudeness, and victory fell to the right side.

Examples of witty repartees are furnished in large numbers by courts of law, whether high or low, some of the best being reported from the legal domain in Ireland.

Two farmers in the west of Ireland had a dispute over some land. The case came into the High Court. The presiding judge tried to throw oil on the troubled waters, and addressing the plaintiff when in the witness-box, he said: "This is a trivial case. Why not settle it? You men have got to be neighbours all your lives. Now,

I suppose that, apart from this trespass, you consider the defendant a very decent man?" The plaintiff scratched his head and hesitatingly said: "Well, he is sir, but he sometimes gets as drunk as a judge." "You mean as drunk as a lord," remarked the president of the court. "Yes, my lord," was the unlooked-for answer.

John Philpot Curran, a member of the old Irish House of Commons, a distinguished barrister, and afterwards Master of the Rolls, has been called "the high-priest of repartee," and so incisive were his witticisms in this direction that he was feared and respected by both judge and witness.

One of the Irish judges, Fitzgibbon by name, never attempted to hide his detestation of Curran, and took many opportunities of displaying it. Now this particular judge had a mastiff dog, that had been trained to sit beside him in court, and on a certain day, when Curran was arguing a case of considerable importance, his Lordship gave every appearance of not attending to what was being said, and, as it were to accentuate his contempt, he turned to the dog and audibly addressed some remarks to him. Curran at once stopped. "Go on, sir," said the judge "I beg your pardon," answered Curran, "I thought your Lordships were in consultation."

At a later period, when this same judge had

become Lord Chancellor, Curran was arguing before him, when he was interrupted in one of his arguments by this cutting remark: "Mr. Curran, if that is law, I may burn my law-books." "Oh, no, my lord," replied Curran; "better read them."

On another occasion a vain and somewhat pompous barrister, the disarrangement of whose headgear had caused some merriment in court, addressed the wit: "Do you see anything ridiculous in my wig, Curran?" "Nothing except your head, sir," was the response.

Before leaving Curran and going on to other exponents of the artless art I may perhaps mention one very characteristic touch of his on an occasion when he was asked to contribute a trifle to pay for the funeral expenses of an impoverished attorney who had just died. "How much do you want?" he said. "Ten shillings," they answered. "What!" said Curran, "bury an attorney for ten shillings? Here's a sovereign; bury two."

In somewhat similar circumstances, at a later day, Douglas Jerrold was appealed to by a friend on behalf of another. "Three and two noughts would put him on his feet again," said the friend. "Put me down for one of the noughts," replied the wit.

Lord Chief Justice Russell in his early days at the Bar was asked in court one day by a brother

barrister what was the extreme penalty for bigamy. "Two mothers-in-law," was the answer.

Another excellent repartee was in recent times made by Mr. Oswald, Q. C. Lord Esher, Master of the Rolls, could occasionally be somewhat pettish with counsel, and when Mr. Oswald was opening an appeal before him the judge kept fidgeting in his chair, and at last burst out with "Really, Mr. Oswald, you might give judges credit for a little commonsense." "That, my lord," replied counsel winningly, "was the mistake I made in the court below."

"Why don't you two settle the case out of court?" said an Irish judge to the litigants before him. "Sure that's what we were doin', my lord, when the police came and interfered."

It is not always necessary that some taunting speech or irritating observation should be made before a repartee can spring into existence. It may equally well be called into being by *circumstances* of an annoying nature and where no word is spoken. An excellent instance of this sort was furnished by a witty Hibernian called "Jacques" McCarthy some few years ago. He attended a certain dinner in Dublin, and as the proceedings were about to close he got up and asked the chairman's permission to propose one last toast. His request being granted, he rose and said: "Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, the toast I have the

honour to submit is that of 'Absent Friends,' and with the toast I would like to couple the name of the wine-waiter who was supposed to look after me to-night." The effect was magical, and "Jacques" had more to drink in the last ten minutes of the banquet than in all the earlier and drier hours to which it had already run.

Perhaps one of the most deadly replies ever made to an impertinent observation was the following. About the end of the eighteenth century John Parsons was travelling by coach in the company of Lord Norbury, then popularly known as "the hanging judge," and happening to pass a gibbet Norbury, with a chuckle, said to his fellow-traveller: "Parsons, where would you be now if that gallows had its due?" "Riding alone, my lord," was the well-deserved rejoinder.

Electioneering is, of course, a fruitful soil for everything in the way of repartee. As a specimen of ready wit it would be difficult to beat a retort of Charles Burleigh, the great opponent of the slave trade. He was in the middle of one of his eloquent denunciations of slavery, when a well-aimed and very rotten egg struck him full in the face. "This," he said calmly as he produced his handkerchief and wiped his face, "is a striking evidence of what I have always maintained, that pro-slavery arguments are unsound."

"Now my friends," said the candidate, making a last strenuous effort to stir up enthusiasm in his hearers, "what do we need in order to carry this constituency by the biggest majority in history?" "Another candidate!" yelled a voice from the back of the hall.

But it was the candidate that came out "top dog" on another occasion. He had finished his speech, when an unruly voice in front called out, "Mr. Candidate, if you was the angel Gabriel himself, you'd never have my vote!" "My friend," replied the candidate, "if I was the angel Gabriel, your name would not be on the register."

There are many examples of repartee in connection with the clerical world, a selection from which is given here.

Cardinal Vaughan and Dr. Adler, the Chief Jewish Rabbi, were next to one another at a luncheon. "Now, Dr. Adler," said the Cardinal, "when may I have the pleasure of helping you to some ham?" The Rabbi replied without a pause: "At your Eminence's wedding." A reply that for appropriate neatness would be hard to improve upon.

There was quite a delightful reply once made by Dr. Potter, Bishop of New York, when asked by a lady how it was that in pictures and statues the angels are always represented as women or young men without beards or moustaches:

"Everyone knows that women naturally inherit the kingdom of heaven, but the men only get in by a very close shave."

A visitor to St. Albans on one occasion complained that, though he liked the service, he objected to "the stink of the incense." "I am sorry my friend," said Father Stanton very gravely. "Why?" asked the stranger. "Well, you see," replied the clergyman, "there are only two stinks in the next world—incense and brimstone and you will have to choose between them."

Famous amongst the humorists of the neighbourhood of Dublin in the last thirty or forty years of the past century was Father James Healy, parish priest of Little Bray. No account of quick and witty answers could pretend to be complete without including at least a few of his. He was always a high favourite at the Viceregal Lodge, often in company with an old friend of his, Lord Justice Barry, of the Irish Bench. On one occasion at a Christmas luncheon party, when the Londonderrys were in office, the conversation turned on the decorations of the season, and the Marchioness, thinking to put a pose to his Reverence, said across the table: "Father Healy I wonder if you or Lord Justice Barry ever did such a thing as kiss any one under the mistletoe?" "Oh no, your Excellency," answered the wit.

"Whenever the Lord Justice or myself did anything in that line it was under the rose."

Sitting at lunch one day next to a Protestant rector, the latter remarked: "Do you know, Father Healy, I have been sixty years in this world, and I have not yet discovered the difference between a good Catholic and a good Protestant?" "You won't be sixty seconds in the next world until you find out," was the rapid rejoinder.

The "Vicar of Bray," as he was often called, met a friend one day in Dublin who accosted him thus: "Father Healy, I have a crow to pluck with you." "Make it a turkey, and I'll be with you at 7-30 sharp," came the pacifying reply.

There is yet another brilliant flash of Healy's which should be mentioned here. Those who know anything of horses must have heard of a complaint from which they sometimes suffer called the Navicular. Now, amongst the *padre's* many friends in Dublin was a certain brewer, a well-to-do citizen and the owner of a charming country residence, where the priest was always a welcome guest. This friend of his had one weakness—he affected learning, but was somewhat shaky in the terminology of the subjects in which he was fond of showing his knowledge. On one occasion, when travelling by train in the company of the reverend wit, this friend, in very dejected mood, told the *padre* that a valuable peny of his had been pro-

nounced by a vet, to be suffering from *Vernacular*.
 "God bless me," said the priest. "I thought the
 only animal that ever suffered from that complaint
 was Balaan's ass."

A doctor with a leaning to humour, on visit-
 ing a lady patient, found her reading *Twelfth
 Night*, and taking the opportunity to show his
 own knowledge, asked: "When Shakespeare wrote
 about 'patience on a monument,' do you think he
 meant doctor's patients?" "No," replied the
 lady; "they are mostly found under the monu-
ment."

The following scene is transported from a
 war hospital:

Patient (to attractive nurse): "Will you be
 my wife when I recover?" *Nurse*: "Certainly."

Patient: "Then you love me?" *Nurse*: "Oh,
 no; that's merely part of the treatment. I must
 keep my patients cheerful; it was only this morn-
 ing that I promised to run away with a married
 man who had lost both his legs."

A very neat reply has been attributed to Sir
 James Knowles when editor of the *Nineteenth
 Century*. He received a sonnet from the late Mr.
 Luther Munday entitled "Why do I live?" Sir
 James wrote in answer: "You live, my dear
 Munday, because you sent your poem by post, and
 did not bring it yourself."

—Edward Sullivan.

ON SAYING "PLEASE"

The young lift-man in a City office who threw a passenger out of his lift the other morning and was fined for the offence was undoubtedly in the wrong. It was a question of "Please." The complainant entering the lift, said, "Top." The lift-man demanded "Top—please," and this concession being refused he not only declined to comply with the instruction, but hurled the passenger out of the lift. This, of course, was carrying a comment on manners too far. Discourtesy is not a legal offence, and it does not excuse assault and battery. If a burglar breaks into my house and I knock him down the law will acquit me, and if I am physically assaulted it will permit me to retaliate with reasonable violence. It does this because the burglar and my assailant have broken quite definite commands of the law. But no legal system could attempt to legislate against bad manners, or could sanction the use of violence against something which it does not itself recognise as a legally punishable offence. And whatever our sympathy with the lift-man, we must admit that the law is reasonable. It would never do if we were at liberty to box people's ears because we did not like their behaviour, or the tone of their

voices, or the scowl on their faces. Our fists would never be idle, and the gutters of the City would run with blood all day.

I may be as uncivil as I may please and the law will protect me against violent retaliation. I may be haughty or boorish and there is no penalty to pay except the penalty of being written down an ill-mannered fellow. The law does not compel me to say "Please" or to attune my voice to other people's sensibilities any more than it says that I shall not wax my moustache or dye my hair or wear ringlets down my back. It does not recognise the laceration of our feelings as a case for compensation. There is no allowance for moral and intellectual damages in these matters.

This does not mean that the damages are negligible. It is probable that the lift-man was much more acutely hurt by what he regarded as a slur upon his social standing than he would have been if he had had a kick on the shins, for which he could have got a legal redress. The pain of a kick on the shins soon passes away but the pain of a wound to our self-respect or our vanity may poison a whole day. I can imagine that lift-man, denied the relief of throwing the author of his wound out of the lift, brooding over the insult by the hour, and visiting it on his wife in the evening as the only way of restoring his equilibrium. For there are few things more catching than bad

temper and bad manners. When Sir Anthony Absolute bullied Captain Absolute, the latter went out and bullied his man Fag, whereupon Fag went downstairs and kicked the page-boy. Probably the man who said "Top" to the lift-man was really only getting back on his employer who had not said "Good morning" to him because he himself had been henpecked at breakfast by his wife, to whom the cook had been insolent because the housemaid had "answered her back." We infect the world with our ill-humours. Bad manners probably do more to poison the stream of the general life than all the crimes in the calendar. For one wife who gets a black eye from an otherwise good-natured husband there are a hundred who live a life of martyrdom under the shadow of a morose temper. But all the same the law cannot become the guardian of our private manners. No Decalogue could cover the vast area of offences and no court could administer a law which governed our social civilities, our speech, the tilt of our eyebrows and all our moods and manners.

✓ But though we are bound to endorse the verdict against the lift-man most people will have a certain sympathy with him. While it is true that there is no law that compels us to say "Please" there is a social practice much older and much sacred than any law which enjoins us to be

civil. And the first requirement of civility is that we should acknowledge a service. "Please" and "Thank you" are the small change with which we pay our way as social beings. They are the little courtesies by which we keep the machine of life oiled and running sweetly. They put our intercourse upon the basis of a friendly co-operation, an easy give-and-take, instead of on the basis of superiors dictating to inferiors. It is a very vulgar mind that would wish to command where he can have the service for asking, and have it with willingness and good-feeling instead of resentment.

I should like to "feature" in this connection my friend the polite conductor. By this discriminating title I do not intend to suggest a rebuke to conductors generally. On the contrary, I am disposed to think that there are few classes of men who come through the ordeal of a very trying calling better than bus conductors do. Here and there you will meet an unpleasant specimen who regards the passengers as his natural enemies—as creatures whose chief purpose on the bus is to cheat him, and who can only be kept reasonably honest by a loud voice and an aggressive manner. But this type is rare—rarer than it used to be. I fancy the public owes much to the Underground Railway Company, which also runs the buses, for insisting on a certain standard of civility in its

servants and taking care that that standard is observed. In doing this it not only makes things pleasant for the travelling public, but performs an important social service.

It is not, therefore, with any feeling of unfriendliness to conductors as a class that I pay a tribute to a particular member of that class. I first became conscious of his existence one day when I jumped on to a bus and found that I had left home without any money in my pocket. Everyone has had the experience and knows the feeling, the mixed feeling, which the discovery arouses. You are annoyed because you look like a fool at the best, and like a knave at the worst. You would not be at all surprised if the conductor eyed you coldly as much as to say, "Yes, I know that stale old trick. Now then, off you get." And even if the conductor is a good fellow and lets you down easily, you are faced with the necessity of going back, and the inconvenience, perhaps, of missing your train or your engagement.

Having searched my pockets in vain for stray coppers, and having found I was utterly penniless, I told the conductor with as honest a face as I could assume that I couldn't pay the fare, and must go back for money. "Oh, you needn't get off: that's all right," said he. "All right," said I, "but I haven't a copper on me." "Oh, I'll

book you through," he replied. "Where d'ye want to go?" and he handled his bundle of tickets with the air of a man who was prepared to give me a ticket for anywhere from the Bank to Hong-Kong. I said it was very kind of him, and told him where I wanted to go, and as he gave me the ticket I said, "But where shall I send the fare?" "Oh, you'll see me some day all right," he said cheerfully, as he turned to go. And then, luckily, my fingers, still wandering in the corners of my pockets, lighted on a shilling and the account was squared. But that fact did not lessen the glow of pleasure which so good-natured an action had given me.

A few days after my most sensitive toe was trampled on rather heavily as I sat reading on the top of a bus, I looked up with some anger and more agony, and saw my friend of the cheerful countenance. "Sorry, sir," he said. "I know these are heavy boots. Got 'em because my own feet get trod on so much, and now I'm treading on other people's. Hope I didn't hurt you, sir." He had hurt me but he was so nice about it that I assured him he hadn't. After this I began to observe him whenever I boarded his bus, and found a curious pleasure in the constant good-nature of his bearing. He seemed to have an inexhaustible fund of patience and a gift for making his passengers comfortable. I noticed

that if it was raining he would run up the stairs to give some one the tip that there was "room inside." With old people he was as considerate as a son, and with children as solicitous as a father. He had evidently a peculiarly warm place in his heart for young people, and always indulged in some merry jest with them. If he had a blind man on board it was not enough to set him down safely on the pavement. He would call to Bill in front to wait while he took him across the road or round the corner, or otherwise safely on his way. In short, I found that he irradiated such an atmosphere of good-temper and kindness that a journey with him was a lesson in natural courtesy and good manners..

What struck me particularly was the ease with which he got through his work. If bad manners are infectious, so also are good manners. If we encounter incivility most of us are apt to become uncivil, but it is an unusually uncouth person who can be disagreeable with sunny people. It is with manners as with the weather. "Nothing clears up my spirits like a fine day," said Keats, and a cheerful person descends on even the gloomiest of us with something of the benediction of a fine day. And so it was always fine weather on the polite conductor's bus, and his own civility, his conciliatory address and good-humoured bearing, infected his passengers. In lightening their

spirits he lightened his own task. His gaiety was not a wasteful luxury, but a sound investment.

I have missed him from my bus route of late; but I hope that only means that he has carried his sunshine on to another road. It cannot be too widely diffused in a rather drab world. And I make no apologies for writing a panegyric on an unknown bus conductor. If Wordsworth could gather lessons of wisdom from the poor leech-gatherer "on the lonely moor," I see no reason why lesser people should not take lessons in conduct from one who shows how a very modest calling may be dignified by good-temper and kindly feeling.

It is a matter of general agreement that the war has had a chilling effect upon those little everyday civilities of behaviour that sweeten the general air. We must get those civilities back if we are to make life kindly and tolerable for each other. We cannot get them back by invoking the law. The policeman is a necessary symbol and the law is a necessary institution for a society that is still somewhat lower than the angels. But the law can only protect us against material attack. Nor will the lift-man's way of meeting moral affront by physical violence help us to restore the civilities. I suggest to him that he would have had a more subtle and effective revenge if he had treated the gentleman who would not say

"Please" with elaborate politeness. He would have had the victory, not only over the boor, but over himself, and that is the victory that counts. The polite man may lose the material advantage, but he always has the spiritual victory. I commend to the lift-man a story of Chesterfield. In his time the London streets were without the pavements of to-day, and the man who "took the wall" had the driest footing. "I never give the wall to a scoundrel," said a man who met Chesterfield one day in the street. "I always do," said Chesterfield, stepping with a bow into the road. I hope the lift-man will agree that his revenge was much more sweet than if he had flung the fellow into the mud.

—A. G. Gardiner.

LETTER TO HIS SON

London, March the 18th, O. S. 1751.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I acquainted you in a former letter, that I had brought a bill into the House of Lords for correcting and reforming our present calendar, which is the Julian; and for adopting the Gregorian. I will now give you a more particular account of that affair; from which reflections will naturally occur to you, that I hope may be useful, and which I fear you have not made. It was notorious that the Julian calendar was erroneous, and had overcharged the solar year with eleven days. Pope Gregory the 13th corrected this error; his reformed calendar was immediately received by all the Catholic Powers of Europe, and afterwards adopted by all the Protestant ones, except Russia, Sweden, and England. It was not, in my opinion, very honourable for England to remain in a gross and avowed error, especially in such company; the inconveniency of it was likewise felt by all those who had foreign correspondences, whether political or mercantile. I determined, therefore, to attempt the reformation; I consulted the best lawyers, and the most skilful astronomers, and

we cooked up a bill for that purpose. But then my difficulty began: I was to bring in this bill, which was necessarily composed of law jargon and astronomical calculations, to both which I am an utter stranger. However, it was absolutely necessary to make the House of Lords think that I knew something of the matter: and also to make them believe that they knew something of it themselves, which they do not. For my own part, I could just as soon have talked Celtic or Sclavonian to them, as astronomy, and they would have understood me full as well: so I resolved to do better than speak to the purpose, and to please instead of informing them. I gave them, therefore, only an historical account of calendars, from the Egyptian down to the Gregorian, amusing them now and then with little episodes: but I was particularly attentive to the choice of my words, to the harmony and roundness of my periods, to my elocution, to my action. This succeeded, and ever will succeed; they thought I informed, because I pleased them: and many of them said that I had made the whole very clear to them; when, God knows, I had not even attempted it. Lord Macclesfield, who had the greatest share in forming the bill, and who is one of the greatest mathematicians and astronomers in Europe, spoke afterwards with infinite knowledge, and all the clearness that so intricate a matter would admit

of; but as his words, his periods, and his utterance were not near so good as mine, the preference was most unanimously, though most unjustly, given to me. This will ever be the case; every numerous assembly is a *mob*, let the individuals who compose it be what they will. Mere reason and good sense is never to be talked to a mob: their passions, their sentiments, their senses, and their seeming interests, are alone to be applied to. Understanding they have collectively, none, but they have ears and eyes, which must be flattered and seduced; and this can only be done by eloquence, tuneful periods, graceful action, and all the various parts of oratory.

When you come into the House of Commons, if you imagine that speaking plain and unadorned sense and reason will do your business, you will find yourself most grossly mistaken. As a speaker, you will be ranked only according to your eloquence, and by no means according to your matter: everybody knows the matter almost alike, but few can adorn it. I was early convinced of the importance and powers of eloquence; and from that moment I applied myself to it. I resolved not to utter one word, even in common conversation, that should not be the most expressive, and the most elegant, that the language could supply me with for that purpose; by which means I have acquired such a certain degree of

habitual eloquence, that I must now really take some pains, if I would express myself very inelegantly. I want to inculcate this known truth into you, which you seem by no means to be convinced of yet, that ornaments are at present your only objects. Your sole business now is to shine, not to weigh. Weight without lustre is lead. You had better talk trifles elegantly; to the most trifling woman, than coarse inelegant sense, to the most solid man; you had better return a dropped fan genteelly, than give a thousand pounds awkwardly; and you had better refuse a favour gracefully, than grant it clumsily. Manner is all, in everything; it is by Manner only that you can please, and consequently rise. All your Greek will never advance you from Secretary to Envoy, or from Envoy to Ambassador; but your address, your manner, your air, if good, very probably may. Marcel can be of much more use to you than Aristotle. I would, upon my word, much rather that you had Lord Bolingbroke's style and eloquence, in speaking and writing, than all the learning of the Academy of Sciences, the Royal Society, and the two Universities, united.

Having mentioned Lord Bolingbroke's style, which is, undoubtedly, infinitely superior to anybody's, I would have you read his works, which you have, over and over again, with particular attention to his style. Transcribe, imitate, emu-

late it, if possible: that would be of real use to you in the House of Commons, in negotiations, in conversation; with that, you may justly hope to please, to persuade, to seduce, to impose; and you will fail in those articles, in proportion as you fall short of it. Upon the whole, lay aside, during your year's residence at Paris, all thoughts of all that dull fellows call solid, and exert your utmost care to acquire what people of fashion call shining. *Prenez l'éclat et le brillant d'un galant homme.*

Among the commonly called little things, to which you do not attend, your hand-writing is one, which is indeed shamefully bad, and illiberal; it is neither the hand of a man of business, nor of a gentleman, but of a truant school-boy; as soon, therefore, as you have done with Abbé Nolet, pray get an excellent writing-master, since you think that you cannot teach yourself to write what hand you please, and let him teach you to write a genteel, legible, liberal hand, and quick; not the hand of a *procureur*, or a writing-master, but that sort of hand in which the first *Commis* in foreign bureaux commonly write: for I tell you truly, that were I Lord Albemarle, nothing should remain in my bureau written in your present hand. From hand to arms the transition is natural; is the carriage and motion of your arms so too? The motion of the arms is the most

material part of a man's air; especially in dancing; the feet are not near so material. If a man dances well from the waist upwards, wears his hat well, and moves his head properly, he dances well. Do the women say that you dress well? for that is necessary too for a young fellow. Have you *un goût vif*, or a passion for any body? I do not ask for whom; and Iphigenia would both give you the desire and teach you the means to please.

Adieu, my dear child.

—Lord Chesterfield.

THE SHARPER AND HIS COSMOGONY

The journey of my daughters to town was now resolved upon, Mr. Thornhill having kindly promised to inspect their conduct himself, and inform us by letter of their behaviour. But it was thought indispensably necessary that their appearance should equal the greatness of their expectations, which could not be done without expense. We debated, therefore, in full council what were the easiest methods of raising money; or, more properly speaking, what we could most conveniently sell. The deliberation was soon finished. It was found that our remaining horse was utterly useless for the plough, without his companion, and equally unfit for the road, as wanting an eye; it was therefore determined that we should dispose of him for the purpose above mentioned, at the neighbouring fair, and, to prevent imposition, that I should go with him myself. Though this was one of the first mercantile transactions of my life, yet I had no doubt about acquitting myself with reputation. My wife, next morning at parting, after I had got some paces from the door, called me back to advise me, in a whisper, to have all my eyes about me.

I had, in the usual forms, when I came to the fair, put my horse through all his paces, but for

some time had no bidders. At last a chapman approached, and, after he had a good while examined the horse round, finding him blind of one eye, he would have nothing to say to him. A second came up, but observing he had a spavin, declared he would not take him for the driving home. A third perceived he had a windgall, and would bid no money; a fourth knew by his eye that he had the botts; a fifth wondered what a plague I could do at the fair with a blind, spavined, galled hack, that was only fit to be cut up for a dog-kennel. By this time I began to have a most hearty contempt for the poor animal myself, and was almost ashamed at the approach of every customer; for although I did not entirely believe all the fellows told me, yet I reflected that the number of witnesses was a strong presumption that they were right.

I was in this mortifying situation, when a brother-clergyman, an old acquaintance, who had also business at the fair, came up, and shaking me by the hand, proposed adjourning to a public-house and taking a glass of whatever we could get. I readily closed with the offer, and entering an ale-house, we were shown into a little back room, where there was only a venerable old man, who sat wholly intent over a large book which he was reading. I never in my life saw a figure that prepossessed me more favourably. His locks of silver

gray venerably shaded his temples, and his green old age seemed to be the result of health and benevolence. However, his presence did not interrupt our conversation; my friend and I discoursed on the various turns of fortune we had met. But our attention was in a short time taken off by the appearance of a youth who, entering the room, respectfully said something softly to the old stranger.

"Make no apologies, my child," said the old man; "to do good is a duty we owe to all our fellow-creatures; take this; I wish it were more; but five pounds will relieve your distress, and you are welcome."

The modest youth shed tears of gratitude; and yet his gratitude was scarcely equal to mine. I could have hugged the good old man in my arms, his benevolence pleased me so. He continued to read, and we resumed our conversation, until my companion, after some time, recollecting that he had business to transact in the fair, promised to be soon back, adding, that he always desired to have as much of Dr. Primrose's company as possible. The old gentleman, hearing my name mentioned, seemed to look at me with attention for some time, and when my friend was gone, most respectfully demanded if I was any way related to the great Primrose, that courageous monogamist, who had been the bulwark of the Church.

Never did my heart feel sincerer rapture than at that moment.

"Sir," cried I, "the applause of so good a man, as I am sure you are, adds to that happiness in my breast which your benevolence has already excited. You behold before you, sir, that Dr. Primrose, the monogamist, whom you have been pleased to call great. You here see that unfortunate divine, who has so long, and it would ill become me to say successfully, fought against the deuterogamy of the age."

"Sir," cried the stranger, struck with awe, "I fear I have been too familiar; but you'll forgive my curiosity, sir; I beg pardon."

"Sir," cried I, grasping his hand, "you are so far from displeasing me by your familiarity, that I must beg you'll accept my friendship, as you already have my esteem."

"Then with gratitude I accept the offer," cried he, squeezing me by the hand, "thou glorious pillar of unsnaken orthodoxy; and do I behold—"

I here interrupted what he was going to say; for though, as an author, I could digest no small share of flattery, yet now my modesty would permit no more. However, no lovers in romance ever cemented a more instantaneous friendship. We talked upon several subjects; at first I thought he seemed rather devout than learned, and began

to think he despised all human doctrines as dross. Yet this no way lessened him in my esteem; for I had for some time begun privately to harbour such an opinion myself. I therefore took occasion to observe that the world in general began to be blamably indifferent as to doctrinal matters, and followed human speculations too much.

"Ay, sir," replied he—as if he had reserved all his learning to that moment—"ay, sir, the world is in its dotage; and yet the cosmogony or creation of the world has puzzled philosophers of all ages. What a medley of opinions have they not broached upon the creation of the world! Sanchoniathon, Manetho, Berosus, and Ocellus Lucanus have all attempted it in vain. The latter says that all things have neither beginning nor end. Manetho, also, who lived about the time of Nebuchadon-Asser,—Asser being a Syriac word, usually applied as a surname to the kings of that country, as Teglath Prael-Asser, Nabon-Asser,—he, I say, formed a conjecture equally absurd: for as books will never teach the world; so he attempted to investigate.—But, sir, I ask pardon, I am straying from the question."

That he actually was; nor could I for my life see how the creation of the world had anything to do with the business I was talking of; but it was sufficient to show me that he was a man of letters, and I now reverenced him the more. I was

resolved therefore to bring him to the touchstone; but he was too mild and too gentle to contend for victory. Whenever I made any observation that looked like a challenge to controversy, he would smile, shake his head, and say nothing; but which I understood he could say much, if he thought proper. The subject therefore, insensibly changed from the business of antiquity to that which brought us both to the fair; mine I told him was to sell a horse, and very luckily indeed his was to buy one for one of his tenants. My horse was soon produced, and in fine we struck a bargain. Nothing now remained but to pay me, and he accordingly pulled out a thirty-pound note, and bid me change it. Not being in a capacity of complying with his demand, he ordered his footman to be called up, who made his appearance in a very genteel livery.

"Here, Abraham," cried he, "go and get gold for this; you'll do it at neighbour Jackson's or anywhere."

While the fellow was gone, he entertained me with a pathetic harangue on the great scarcity of silver, which I undertook to improve, by deploring also the great scarcity of gold; so that by the time Abraham returned we had both agreed that money was never so hard to be come at as now. Abraham returned to inform us that he had been over the whole fair and could not get change,

though he had offered half a crown for doing it. This was a very great disappointment to us all; but the old gentleman having paused a little, asked me if I knew one Solomon Flamborough, in my part of the country. Upon replying that he was my next-door neighbour: "If that be the case, then," returned he, "I believe we shall deal. You shall have a draft upon him, payable at sight; and, let me tell you, he is as warm a man as any within five miles round him. Honest Solomon and I have been acquainted for many years together. I remember I always beat him at three jumps; but he could hop on one leg farther than I."

A draft upon my neighbour was to me the same as money; for I was sufficiently convinced of his ability. The draft was signed and put into my hands, and Mr. Jenkinson (the old gentleman), his man Abraham, and my horse, old Blackberry, trotted off very well pleased with each other.

After a short interval, being left to reflection, I began to recollect that I had done wrong in taking a draft from a stranger, and so prudently resolved upon following the purchaser, and having back my horse. But this was now too late: I therefore made directly homewards, resolving to get draft changed into money at my friend's as fast as possible. I found my honest neighbour

smoking his pipe at his own door, and informing him that I had a small bill upon him, he read it twice over.

"You can read the name, I suppose," cried I, "Ephraim Jenkinson."

"Yes," returned he, "the name is written plain enough, and I know the gentleman too,—the greatest rascal under the canopy of heaven. This is the very same rogue who sold us the spectacles. Was he not a venerable-looking man with grey hair, and no flaps to his pocket-holes? And did he not talk a long string of learning, about Greek and cosmogony and the world?"

To this I replied with a groan.

"Ay," continued he, "he has but that one piece of learning in the world, and he always talks it away whenever he finds a scholar in company; but I know the rogue, and will catch him yet."

Although I was already sufficiently mortified, my greatest struggle was to come, in facing my wife and daughters. No truant was ever more afraid of returning to school, there to behold the master's visage, than I was of going home.

—*Oliver Goldsmith.*

THE PICKWICKIANS ON THE ICE,

"Now," said Wardle, after a substantial lunch, with the agreeable items of strong beer and cheery-brandy, had been done ample justice to, "what say you to an hour on the ice? We shall have plenty of time."

"Capital!" said Mr. Benjamin Allen.

"Prime!" ejaculated Mr. Bob Sawyer.

"You skate, of course, Winkle?" said Wardle.

"Yes—Yes; oh, yes," replied Mr. Winkle.

"I—I—am *rather* out of practice."

"Oh, *do* skate, Mr. Winkle," said Arabella.

"I like to see it so much."

"Oh, it is *so* graceful," said another young lady.

A third young lady said it was elegant, and a fourth expressed her opinion that it was "swan-like."

"I should be very happy, I'm sure," said Mr. Winkle, reddening; "but I have no skates." This objection was at once overruled. Trundle had a couple of pair, and the fat boy announced that there were half a dozen more downstairs; whereat Mr. Winkle expressed exquisite delight, and looked exquisitely uncomfortable.

Old Wardle led the way to a pretty large sheet of ice; and the fat boy and Mr. Weller, having shovelled and swept away the snow which had fallen on it during the night, Mr. Bob Sawyer adjusted his skates with a dexterity which to Mr. Winkle was perfectly marvellous, and described circles with his left leg, and cut figures of eight, and inscribed upon the ice, without once stopping for breath, a great many other pleasant and astonishing devices, to the excessive satisfaction of Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, and the ladies; which reached a pitch of positive enthusiasm, when old Wardle and Benjamin Allen, assisted by the aforesaid Bob Sawyer, performed some mystic evolutions, which they called a reel.

All this time, Mr. Winkle, with his face and hands blue with the cold, had been forcing a gimlet into the soles of his feet, and putting his skates on, with the points behind, and getting the straps into a very complicated and entangled state. At length, however, with the assistance of Mr. Weller, the unfortunate skates were firmly screwed and buckled on, and Mr. Winkle was raised to his feet.

"Now, then, sir," said Sam, in an encouraging tone; "off vith you, and show'em how to do it."

"Stop, Sam, stop!" said Mr. Winkle, trembling violently, and clutching hold of Sam's arms

with the grasp of a drowning man. "How slippery it is, Sam!"

"Not an uncommon thing upon ice, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "How up, sir!"

This last observation of Mr. Weller's bore reference to a demonstration Mr. Winkle made at the instant, of a frantic desire to throw his feet in the air, and dash the back of his head on the ice.

"These—These—are very awkward skates; ain't they, Sam?" inquired Mr. Winkle, staggering.

"I'm afeerd ther's a orkard gen'l'm'n in 'em, sir," replied Sam.

"Now, Winkle," cried Mr. Pickwick, quite unconscious that there was anything the matter.

"Come; the ladies are all anxiety."

"Yes, yes," replied Mr. Winkle, with a ghastly smile. "I'm coming."

"Just a-goin' to begin," said Sam endeavouring to disengage himself. "Now, sir, start off!"

"Stop an instant, Sam," gasped Mr. Winkle, clinging most affectionately to Mr. Weller. "I find I've got a couple of coats at home that I don't want, Sam. You may have them, Sam."

"Thank'ee, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Never mind touching your hat, Sam," said Mr. Winkle hastily. "You needn't take your hand away to do that. I meant to have given you

five shillings this morning for a Christmas box, Sam. I'll give it you this afternoon, Sam."

"You're very good, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "Just hold me at first, Sam; will you?" said Mr. Winkle. "There—that's right. I shall soon get in the way of it, Sam. Not too fast, Sam; not too fast." Mr. Winkle, stooping forward, with his body half doubled up, was being assisted over the ice by Mr. Weller, in a very singular and unswan-like manner, when Mr. Pickwick most innocently shouted from the opposite bank—

"Sam!"

"Sir?"

"Here. I want you."

"Let go, sir," said Sam. "Don't you hear the governor a-callin'? Let go, sir."

With a violent effort, Mr. Weller disengaged himself from the grasp of the agonised Pickwickian, and, in so doing, administered a considerable impetus to the unhappy Mr. Winkle. With an accuracy which no degree of dexterity or practice could have insured, that unfortunate gentleman bore swiftly down into the centre of the reel, at the very moment when Mr. Bob Sawyer was performing a flourish of unparalleled beauty. Mr. Winkle struck wildly against him, and with a loud crash they both fell heavily down. Mr. Pickwick ran to the spot. Bob Sawyer had risen to his feet, but Mr. Winkle was far too wise to do

anything of the kind in skates. He was seated on the ice, making spasmodic efforts to smile; but anguish was depicted on every lineament of his countenance.

"Are you hurt?" enquired Mr. Benjamin Allen, with great anxiety.

"Not much," said Mr. Winkle, rubbing his back very hard.

"I wish you'd let me bleed you," said Mr. Benjamin with great eagerness.

"No, thank you," replied Mr. Winkle hurriedly.

"I really think you had better," said Allen.

"Thank you," replied Mr. Winkle; "I'd rather not."

"What do *you* think, Mr. Pickwick?" inquired Bob Sawyer.

Mr. Pickwick was excited and indignant. He beckoned to Mr. Weller, and said in a stern voice,

"Take his skates off."

"No; but really I had scarcely begun," remonstrated Mr. Winkle.

"Take his skates off," repeated Mr. Pickwick firmly. The command was not to be resisted. Mr. Winkle allowed Sam to obey it, in silence.

"Lift him up," said Mr. Pickwick. Sam assisted him to rise.

Mr. Pickwick retired a few paces apart from the bystanders; and, beckoning his friend to

approach, fixed a searching look upon him and uttered in a low, but distinct and emphatic tone, these remarkable words—

“You’re a humbug, sir.”

“A what?” said Mr. Winkle, starting.

“A humbug, sir. I will speak plainer, if you wish it. An impostor, sir.”

With these words, Mr. Pickwick turned slowly on his heel, and rejoined his friends. While Mr. Pickwick was delivering himself of the sentiment just recorded, Mr. Weller and the fat boy, having by their joint endeavours cut out a slide, were exercising themselves thereupon, in a very masterly and brilliant manner. Sam Weller, in particular, was displaying that beautiful feat of fancy-sliding which is currently denominated “knocking at the cobbler’s door,” and which is achieved by skimming over the ice on one foot, and occasionally giving a postman’s knock upon it with the other. It was a good long slide, and there was something in the motion which Mr. Pickwick, who was very cold with standing still, could not help envying.

“It looks a nice warm exercise that, doesn’t it?” he inquired of Wardle, when that gentleman was thoroughly out of breath, by reason of the indefatigable manœuvre in which he had converted his legs into a pair of compasses, and drawn complicated problems on the ice.

"Ah, it does, indeed," replied Wardle. "Do you slide?"

"I used to do so, on the gutters, when I was a boy," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Try it now," said Wardle.

"Oh, do, please, Mr. Pickwick!" cried all the ladies.

"I should be very happy to afford you any amusement," replied Mr. Pickwick, "but I haven't done such a thing these thirty years."

"Pooh! pooh! Nonsense!" said Wardle, dragging off his skates with the impetuosity which characterised all his proceedings. "Here; I'll keep you company; come along!" And away went the good-tempered old fellow down the slide, with a rapidity which came very close upon Mr. Weller, and beat the fat boy all to nothing.

Mr. Pickwick paused, considered, pulled off his gloves and put them in his hat; took two or three short runs, balked himself as often, and at last took another run, and went slowly and gravely down the slide, with his feet about a yard and a quarter apart, amidst the gratified shouts of all the spectators.

"Keep the pot a-bilin', sir!" said Sam; and down went Wardle again, and then Mr. Pickwick, and then Sam, and then Mr. Winkle, and then Mr. Bob Sawyer, and then the fat boy, and then Mr. Snodgrass, following closely upon each other's

heels, and running after each other with as much eagerness as if their future prospects in life depended on their expedition.

to note It was the most intensely interesting thing, to observe the manner in which Mr. Pickwick performed his share in the ceremony; to watch the torture of anxiety with which he viewed the person behind, gaining upon him at the imminent hazard of tripping him up; to see him gradually expend the painful force he had put on at first, and turn slowly round on the slide, with his face towards the point from which he had started; to contemplate the playful smile which mantled on his face when he had accomplished the distance, and the eagerness with which he turned round when he had done so, and ran after his predecessor, his black gaiters tripping pleasantly through the snow, and his eyes beaming cheerfulness and gladness through his spectacles. And when he was knocked down (which happened upon the average every third round), it was the most invigorating sight that can possibly be imagined, to behold him gather up his hat, gloves, and handkerchief, with a glowing countenance, and resume his station in the rank, with an ardour and enthusiasm that nothing could abate.

The sport was at its height, the sliding was at the quickest, the laughter was at the loudest, when a sharp smart crack was heard. There was

a quick rush towards the bank, a wild scream from the ladies, and a shout from Mr. Tupman. A large mass of ice disappeared; the water bubbled up over it; Mr. Pickwick's hat, gloves, and handkerchief were floating on the surface; and this was all of Mr. Pickwick that anybody could see.

Dismay and anguish were depicted on every countenance; the males turned pale, and the females fainted; Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Winkle grasped each other by the hand, and gazed at the spot where their leader had gone down, with frenzied eagerness; while Mr. Tupman, by way of rendering the promptest assistance, and at the same time conveying to any persons who might be within hearing, the clearest possible notion of the catastrophe, ran off across the country at his utmost speed, screaming "Fire!" with all his might.

It was at this moment, when old Wardle and Sam Weller were approaching the hole with cautious steps, and Mr. Benjamin Allen was holding a hurried consultation with Mr. Bob Sawyer on the advisability of bleeding the company generally, as an improving little bit of professional practice—it was at this very moment, that a face, head, and shoulders, emerged from beneath the water, and disclosed the features and spectacles of Mr. Pickwick.

"Keep yourself up for an instant—for only one instant!" bawled Mr. Snodgrass.

"Yes, do; let me implore you—for my sake!" roared Mr. Winkle; deeply affected. The adjuration was rather unnecessary; the probability being that if Mr. Pickwick had declined to keep himself up for anybody else's sake, it would have occurred to him that he might as well do so, for his own.

"Do you feel the bottom there, old fellow?" said Wardle.

"Yes, certainly," replied Mr. Pickwick, wringing the water from his head and face, and gasping for breath. "I fell upon my back. I couldn't get on my feet at first."

The clay upon so much of Mr. Pickwick's coat as was yet visible, bore testimony to the accuracy of this statement; and as the fears of the spectators were still further relieved by the fat boy's suddenly recollecting that the water was nowhere more than five feet deep, prodigies of valour were performed to get him out. After a vast quantity of splashing, and cracking, and struggling, Mr. Pickwick was at length fairly extricated from his unpleasant position, and once more stood on dry land.

"Oh, he'll catch his death of cold," said Emily.

"Dear old thing!" said Arabella. "Let me wrap this shawl round you, Mr. Pickwick."

"Ah, that's the best thing you can do," said Wardle; "and when you've got it on, run home

as fast as your legs can carry you, and jump into bed directly."

A dozen shawls were offered on the instant. Three or four of the thickest having been selected, Mr. Pickwick was wrapped up, and started off, under the guidance of Mr. Weller; presenting the singular phenomenon of an elderly gentleman, dripping wet, and without a hat, with his arms bound down to his sides, skimming over the ground, without any clearly-defined purpose, at the rate of six good English miles an hour.

But Mr. Pickwick cared not for appearances in such an extreme case, and urged on by Sam Weller, he kept at the very top of his speed until he reached the door of Manor Farm, where Mr. Tupman had arrived some five minutes before, and had frightened the old lady into palpitations of the heart by impressing her with the unalterable conviction that the kitchen chimney was on fire—a calamity which always presented itself in glowing colours to the old lady's mind, when anybody about her evinced the smallest agitation.

Mr. Pickwick paused not an instant until he was snug in bed. Sam Weller lighted a blazing fire in the room, and took up his dinner; a bowl of punch was carried up afterwards, and a grand carouse held in honour of his safety. Old Wardle would not hear of his rising, so they made the bed the chair, and Mr. Pickwick presided. A second

diminished

and a third bowl were ordered in; and when Mr. Pickwick awoke next morning, there was not a symptom of rheumatism about him; which proves, as Mr. Bob Sawyer very justly observed, that there is nothing like hot punch in such cases; and that if ever hot punch did fail to act as a preventive, it was merely because the patient fell into the vulgar error of not taking enough of it.

—*Charles Dickens.*

ARABIAN NIGHTS FOR TURGIS

There was just light enough, and time enough, for him to notice that the broken statue, really a plaster thing, was that of a little boy playing with two large fishes, and that the two pillars were peeling badly. There were two bells, one for 4, the other for 4a. He was careful to press the 4a one. He pressed it several times and altogether waited nearly five minutes, but nobody came. It looked as if she was out, after all. In despair, he tried the bell for 4. Instantly, a light was switched on in the hall, and the door—there was only one door for both flats—flung open.

"Is it you here again, young man?" cried an enormous woman in an apron, standing there. "Because if it is, I've to give you the mistress's word that she's paying out no more money for the machine because the girl that could work it has left and it's no use to us at all the way we are now, and not another penny will she pay out for it, so take it itself and leave us in peace."

"I don't know anything about your machine," Turgis told her.

"Aren't you the same young man? Well, you're the very image of him."

"I want to see Miss Golspie."

"The young lady above, isn't it? Then ring the other bell, with the *a* on it, and she'll hear it soon enough."

"But-I've been ringing it," he explained. "I've rung it about six times."

"For the love of God!" cried the enormous woman, coming out and looking at the bell-push, as if that might explain something. "Haven't they got that bell of theirs ringing yet? Every time it's us, it's really them. Come inside, young man, come inside, or if we stand here talking another minute the mistress'll be raising Cain the way she'll say she's destroyed with the draught. Does she know you're coming at all?"

"Yes, she does," replied Turgis, following her into the hall. "I've been sent to see her on business. It's very important. I hope she's in."

"Ah, she's in, too, because I heard the mistress say she was going to see her. At the top of the stairs you'll see a bit of a door—it may be open and it may be shut—and if you knock on it, you'll make her hear. The servant they have is out to-day because I met her here myself this afternoon, all dressed up and telling me she's to meet her young man, a sailor in the Royal Navy. Up the stairs then, it is, and a hard knock on the door."

Just beyond the head of the stairs, there *was* a door, and it was open a little, so that he could

plainly hear the sound of a gramophone playing jazz. He knocked hard. The gramophone stopped abruptly.

It was Miss Lena herself who came to the door. She was dressed in a shimmering greenish-blue, and she was prettier than ever. At the sight of her standing there, solid and real again at last, his heart bumped and his mouth went suddenly dry.

"I've come from Twigg and Dersingham's, Miss Golspie," he announced, stammering a little.

Her face lit up at once. "Oh, have you brought that money?" she cried, in that same queer fascinating voice he remembered so well. "How much is it? Come in, though. This way."

The room was very exciting. It was a big room, but in spite of its size, it was full of things. Turgis had never seen, except on the pictures, so many cushions, there seemed to be dozens of them, huge bright cushions, piled up on a big deep sofa, sort of thing, stuffed into arm-chairs, and even scattered about the floor. And then there were gramophone records and books and magazines all over the place, and bottles and tins of biscuits and fancy boxes heaped together on little tables, and then enough glasses and fruit and cigarettes and ash-trays for a whist drive or a social; and all in this one rich bewildering room. It was lit with

two big, crimson and yellow, shaded lamps, and it was very cosy and warm; almost too warm, even though it was a cold afternoon, for an excited young man who had hurried there from the bus.

"It's twelve pounds," he explained, "and I have a receipt here that you have to sign."

"Good! I could do with it, I don't mind telling you. I adore having money, don't you? It's beastly when you suddenly find you haven't got any, and can't go anywhere or buy anything. Oh, I remember you. You're the one I spoke to that day when I called at the office, aren't you? Do you remember me?"

Turgis assured her fervently that he did. He was still standing awkwardly, with his hat in his hand and his overcoat hanging loose from his shoulders, and he felt rather hot and uncomfortable.

"You seem jolly sure about it," she said lightly. "How did you remember so well?"

"You won't be annoyed with me if I tell you, will you, Miss Golspie?" he said humbly.

She stared at him. "Why, what is it?"

"Well, I remembered you," he replied, gasping a little, "because I thought you were the prettiest girl I'd ever spoken to in all my life."

"You didn't, did you? Are you serious?" She shrieked with laughter. "What a marvellous

thing to say! Is that why *you* brought the money?"

"Yes it is" he said earnestly.

"It isn't. You were just sent here. I believe you're pulling my leg."

"No, I'm not, Miss Golspie. The minute I knew someone had to come here," he continued, with sudden recklessness, "I specially asked to be sent—just to see you again." The hand that was still in his overcoat pocket tried to make a sweeping gesture, with the result that his overcoat brushed the top of one of the little tables and emptied a box of cigarettes on to the floor.

"Look what you've done now," cried Miss Golspie, greatly entertained.

"Oh, I'm sorry," muttered Turgis, confused and sweating now with sheer awkwardness and shyness.

"I'll pick them up."

"Wait a minute. Take your overcoat off and put your hat down and then you'll feel much better. That's right. Dump them down there—anywhere. Now you can pick the cigarettes up and you can also give me one of them. Take one yourself." Unsteadily, he lit her cigarette, picked up the others, and then lit his own. "Now what about the money?" she continued. "What do I have to do to get it?"

"Only sign this receipt," he explained. "You ought to count it first to see if it's all right."

When they had concluded this little transaction, she said suddenly: "Have you had any tea?"

"No, I have'nt" said Turgis promptly.

"Well, I have'nt either. I was too lazy to make it. The maid's out to-day. Let's have some, shall we? Most of it's ready on a tray, but I just couldn't bother boiling some water and making the tea. You come and help and then you shall have some." He followed her into the little kitchen, where he filled a kettle and watched it come to the boil while she chattered in a drifting haze of cigarette smoke and languidly produced another cup and saucer and some things to eat. Then, when everything was ready, he carried the tray into the other room and set it down on a low table in front of the fire. Lena reclined, like a lovely lazy animal, on a pile of cushions, while Turgis, at the other side of the low table, sat in a low, fat arm-chair. It was a wonderful tea. The tea itself was good, for there were little sandwiches and all kinds of rich creamy chocolate cakes and biscuits, all piled up anyhow, like everything in this careless and sumptuous place. And then, far more important than sandwiches and cake, there was Lena herself, so real, so close, so magically illuminated there in the firelight and

shaded lamplight. She asked him all manner of questions, beginning with "What's your name?"

"Turgis," he told her shyly.

"What's your first name?"

"Harold," he mumbled. It was years since anybody (anybody, that is, who didn't merely want him to fill up a form) had asked him what his Christian name was. He brought it out with desperate embarrassment, but when it came out, he felt better.

"I don't like Harold much, do you? Mine's Lena."

"Yes, I know it is."

"It seems to me you know everything about me," she cried, laughing. "You'll be telling me next how old I am and where I was born and all the rest of it. Who do you think you are—a detective?"

This was a good opportunity to be bright and entertaining, so he told her all about Stanley at the office and how Stanley wanted to be a detective and went about "shaddering" people. After which, Lena, who seemed to enjoy Stanley, asked him about the other people at the office.

"You don't like it there, do you?" she said, wrinkling her nose in distaste. "I'd die if I had to work every day in a place like that. So dark and dismal, isn't? And they call that street

Angel Pavement! What a name for it! I nearly passed straight out when my father told me. If ever I have to work for my living, I'd rather work in a shop than in an office like that. I wouldn't mind being a mannequin. Or go on the stage. That would be best of all. I want to go on the stage. I nearly went on when I was in Paris. And a man wanted me to go in for film work—he said he'd get me a part right away. Do you think I'd be any good for the films?"

"Yes, I'm sure you would." said Turgis earnestly, all solemn adoration. "You'd be wonderful on the pictures—like Lulu Castellar or one of those stars—only better. I'd go anywhere to see you."

If he had thought about it for days, he could not have produced a speech more calculated to please her than this, because it chimed with her own innermost aspirations and beliefs. And his solemn adoration, a change from the usual obvious gallantry, was very pleasant. She smiled at him, slowly, with a kind of sweet deliberation, and he sat looking at her, silent, intoxicated.

The silence was broken by a sharp *rat-tat-tat*. "Oh, damn!" cried Lena. "Who's that?" and went out to see. She returned, raising her eyebrows comically at Turgis, followed by a very strange figure. It was an old woman who looked like a dressed up and painted witch. She had an

enormous nose, hollow cheeks, deeply sunken eyes, but, nevertheless, her face had the pink and white colouring of youth. This was because it was thickly painted, and when it caught the light, it shone, just as if it was enamelled and varnished. She was wearing, above a purple dress, a gigantic yellow shawl with a pattern of scarlet flowers on it, and she glittered with brooches, necklaces and rings. Never in his life before had Turgis been in the same room with anybody as fantastic as this old woman, and suddenly he felt frightened. For a second or so, he even forgot about Lena and simply wished he was not there, wished he was somewhere familiar, sensible and safe. It was a queer moment, and he remembered it long afterwards.

Lena introduced him, in an off-hand, slapdash fashion, so that he never caught the name of this extraordinary visitor. All he knew was that it was something foreign; and he guessed that she was the woman who lived downstairs, the mistress mentioned by the fat Irish cook, or whatever she was who had admitted him into the house.

"No, no, no, my 'dee-air." cried the old woman in a cracked foreign voice, "I'll not stay at all, onlee one seengle minute. I haf asked my nephew and hees vife and hees friend from de Legation to com' to me to-night because I am

again, in vairy great troble. Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes—in vairy, vairy great troble again. Dere ees no end of eet.” At this point she sat down, shot out a claw-like hand and took a cake, and prmptly gobbled it up. Turgis stared at her, fascinated.

“What’s the matter?” asked Lena, trying to sound concerned, but obviously ready to giggle at any moment. “Aw!” cried the old woman, repeating this “Aw” a great many times and wagging her head as she did so. “My daughtair again, of course—need you ask? Always de same onlee a deef’rent troble.” She swooped down upon a cigarette, and popped it in her mouth and lit it with uncommon dexterity. After blowing a cloud of smoke in Lena’s direction, she resumed. “I haf com’, my dee-air, for two t’ings. First, here are de plomss I said to you I would geef you. No, no, no, no. Dey are nodding, nodding, nodding at oll. Steel, dey are vairy, vairy nice plomss.” Apparently these plums were in the little box she now handed to Lena. “Nest, I ask your fadair, Meestair Colspie—does he say ven he com’ back ere?”

“He didn’t say exactly,” said Lena. “I don’t think he quite knows yet. But it ought to be some time next week. Perhaps you know, do you?” and she looked at Turgis. “That’s all I’ve heard, Miss Golspie,” replied Turgis,

very conscious of the fact that the old woman was staring at him. "We expect him back some time next week."

"No, no, no, no.. I should like to ask your fadair about dees troble for my daughtair—dat ees oll—and eenoff! Aw yes!—eenoff. My nephew's friend from de Legation, he may do somet'ing. Eef not, I ask your fadair next week." She threw her cigarette into the fire-place, and got up from her chair surprisingly quickly. "Aw, my dee-air dat ees a nice, a vairy nice dress you've on now. Aw, yes, eet ees." She ran a be-ringed claw over some of it. Then she looked at Turgis, who immediately wished she wouldn't. "Eesn't eet a nice dress, eh? You t'eenk so?"

The embarrassed Turgis said it was.

"She ees vairy pretty, Mees Colspie? Aw, yes—loffly, you t'eenk, eh?"

"Yes, I think she is," replied Turgis, after clearing his throat

"You are in loff wit' her, eh?"

These foreigners! What a question to put to a chap? What had it got to do with her, the nosey old hag? He made some sort of noise in his throat, and it was enough to stop her staring at him and to set her moving towards the door, chuckling just as if she was a witch. "The young

man ees afraid of me. He ees in loff. Geef'im a plum, dee-air."

When Lena came back, after closing the outer door behind the old woman, a new feeling, of friendly ease and lightness, immediately descended upon them both. They were young, together. They laughed at the old woman, whom Lena imitated with some skill.

"She's our landlady," she explained, "Not a bad old thing, really—she's always giving me things—but quite cracked, of course. And the daughter she talks about, one, who's in 'trouble'—she's some sort of a countess—seems to be completely dippy. Everybody who ever comes downstairs is a bit mad, and they're the only people I've spoken to these last few days, so you can tell the sort of time I've had. It's just my damnable luck!—When my father's away and I could do what I liked—three friends, all three, take it into *their* heads to go away, too, this week. I could have screamed I've been so bored." She lounged over to the window and looked out. "Looks very thick now. Another fog coming, I suppose. That's the worst of London, all these foul fogs. What shall we do now? You haven't to go home or anything, have you."

Turgis, looking his devotion, said at once that he hadn't to go home or anywhere.

"Let's go to the movies. We can go to the

place near here. It's not bad. Just wait, I shan't be long. Or, look here, you could take these tea things back into the kitchen."

He had taken them all in and had seriously begun to think of washing them long before Miss Golspie appeared again. What he did, when she did appear, was to wash himself in a bathroom that had more towels and bottles and jars and tins in it than all the other half-dozen bath-rooms he had ever seen put together. And now they were ready for the pictures.

It was not far, but they had to grope their way through a mist that was rapidly turning into a thick fog, and once or twice Lena put her hand on his arm, and they were cosy together in the blank woolly night, and it was all rather wonderful. It was better still when they were sitting close, cosier than ever, in the scented and deep rose-shaded dimness of the balcony in the picture theatre. (Turgis had paid for these best seats, and was left with exactly three-and-three pence to take him through the rest of the week.) They were both enthusiastic and knowing patrons of the films, so that they had a good deal to talk about, and frequently as they whispered, her head came close to his and her hair even brushed his cheek. It was tremendously exciting. The chief picture, a talkie—it was *Her Dearest Enemy*, with Mary Meriden and Hunter York—was good stuff, but

it was nothing compared to merely sitting in that balcony with Lena Golspie, who, incidentally, was much prettier than Mary Meriden. She herself thought she was just as pretty, but Turgis was sure that she was much prettier, and told her so several times. On this occasion he abandoned his usual tactics. He did not even try to hold her hand. He was content to sit there, to whisper, to be so near to this fragrant dim loveliness, with his hunger, which he had taken into so many picture theatres, momentarily appeased. A dream had come true. He reminded himself of this, time after time, if only because the dream, which had been haunting him so long, was still more real than this sudden actuality. He longed to make everything stand still, knowing only too well that it was all flowing away from him. Every photograph that leaped on to the screen and then leaped away again, was nibbling at the evening. Very soon, the programme would be completing its circle, and she would be wanting to go and it would be all over. Turgis felt all this, even if he did not find phrases to express it, so that he was not completely and perfectly happy. He was, as we have seen, a born lover, and a romantic, and what he wanted at heart was not ordinary human happiness, but a golden immortality, a balcony seat high above Time and Change.

—J. B. Priestley.

IRISH MISERY

Now, if all this be true (upon which I could easily enlarge), I should be glad to know, by what secret method it is that we grow a rich and flourishing people, without liberty, trade, manufactures, inhabitants, money, or the privilege of coining; without industry, labour, or improvement of land; and with more than half the rent and profits of the whole kingdom annually exported, for which we receive not a single farthing; and to make up all this, nothing worth mentioning; except the linen of the North, a trade, casual, corrupted, and at mercy; and some butter from Cork. If we do flourish, it must be against every law of nature and reason; like the thorn at Glastonbury, that blossoms in the midst of winter

Let the worthy commissioners who come from England ride round the kingdom, and observe the face of nature, or the fare of the natives; the improvement of the land; the thriving numerous plantations; the noble woods; the abundance and vicinity of country seats; the com-
modious farms, houses, and barns; the towns and villages, where everybody is busy, and thriving with all kind of manufactures; the shops full

of goods wrought to perfection, and filled with customers; the comfortable diet; and dress, and dwellings of the people; the vast number of ships in our harbours and docks, and shipwrights in our seaport towns; the roads crowded with carriers laden with rich manufactures; the perpetual concourse to and fro of pompous equipages.

With what envy and admiration would those gentlemen return from so delightful a progress! what glorious reports would they make, when they went back to England!

But my heart is too heavy to continue this irony longer; for it is manifest, that whatever stranger took such a journey, would be apt to think himself travelling in Lapland or Ysland, rather than in a country so favoured by nature as ours, both in fruitfulness of soil and tempera-
ture of climate. The miserable dress, and diet, and dwellings of the people; the general desolation in most parts of the kingdom; the old seats of the nobility and gentry all in ruins, and no new ones in their stead; the families of farmers, who pay great rents, living in filth and nastiness upon butter-milk and potatoes, without a shoe or stocking to their feet, or a house so convenient as an English hog-sty to receive them. These indeed may be comfortable sights to an English spectator, who comes for a short time, only to

learn the language, and returns back to his own country, whither he finds all his wealth transmitted.

Nostra miseria magna est.

There is not one argument used to prove the riches of Ireland, which is not a logical demonstration of its poverty. The rise of our rents is squeezed out of the very blood, and vitals, and clothes, and dwellings of the tenants, who live worse than English beggars. The lowness of interest, in all other countries a sign of wealth, is in us a proof of misery; there being no trade to employ any borrower. Hence alone comes the dearness of land; since the savers have no other way to lay out their money; hence the dearness of necessaries of life; because the tenants cannot afford to pay such extravagant rates for land (which they must take, or go a-begging), without raising the price of cattle and of corn, although themselves should live upon chaff. Hence our increase of building in this city; because workmen have nothing to do but to employ one another, and one half of them are infallibly undone. Hence the daily increase of bankers, who may be a necessary evil in a trading country, but so ruinous in ours; who, for their private advantage, have sent away all our silver, and one third of our gold; so that within three years past the running cash

of the nation, which was about five hundred thousand pounds, is now less than two, and must daily diminish, unless we have liberty to coin, as well as that important kingdom the Isle of Man, and the meanest principality in the German empire, as I before observed.

—Jonathan Swift.

Analyze the causes of Irish misery
Swift

THE ADVENTURE OF THE THREE STUDENTS

It was in the year '95 that a combination of events, into which I need not enter, caused Mr. Sherlock Holmes and myself to spend some weeks in one of our great University towns, and it was during this time that the small but instructive adventure which I am about to relate befell us. It will be obvious that any details which would help the reader to exactly identify the college or the criminal would be injudicious and offensive. So painful a scandal may well be allowed to die out. With due discretion the incident itself may, however, be described, since it serves to illustrate some of those qualities for which my friend was remarkable. I will endeavour in my statement to avoid such terms as would serve to limit the events to any particular place, or give a clue as to the people concerned.

We were residing at the time in furnished lodgings close to a library where Sherlock Holmes was pursuing some laborious researches in Early English charters—researches which led to results so striking that they may be the subject of one of my future narratives. Here it was that one evening we received a visit from an acquaintance, Mr.

Hilton Soames, tutor and lecturer at the college of St. Luke's. Mr. Soames was a tall, spare man, of a nervous and excitable temperament. I had always known him to be restless in his manner, but on this particular occasion he was in such a state of uncontrollable agitation that it was clear something very unusual had occurred.

'I trust Mr. Holmes, that you can spare me a few hours of your valuable time. We have had a very painful incident at St. Luke's, and really, but for the happy chance of your being in the town, I should have been at a loss what to do.'

'I am very busy just now, and I desire no distractions,' my friend answered. 'I should much prefer that you called in the aid of the police.'

'No, no, my dear sir; such a course is utterly impossible. When once the law is evoked it cannot be stayed again, and this is just one of those cases where, for the credit of the college, it is most essential to avoid scandal. Your discretion is as well known as your powers, and you are the one man in the world who can help me. I beg you, Mr. Holmes, to do what you can.'

My friend's temper had not improved since he had been deprived of the congenial surroundings of Baker Street. Without his scrap-books, his chemicals, and his homely untidiness, he was an uncomfortable man. He shrugged his shoul-

ders in ungracious acquiescence while our visitor in hurried words and with much excitable gesticulation poured forth his story.

'I must explain to you, Mr. Holmes, that to-morrow is the first day of the examination for the Fortescue Scholarship. I am one of the examiners. My subject is Greek, and the first of the papers consists of a large passage of Greek translation which the candidate has not seen. This passage is printed on the examination paper, and it would naturally be an immense advantage if the candidate could prepare it in advance. For this reason great care is taken to keep the paper secret.

'To-day about three o'clock the proofs of this paper arrived from the printers. The exercise consists of half a chapter of Thucydides. I had to read it over carefully, as the text must be absolutely correct. At four-thirty my task was not yet completed. I had, however, promised to take tea in a friend's rooms, so I left the proof upon my desk. I was absent rather more than an hour. You are aware, Mr. Holmes, that our college doors are double—a green baize one within and a heavy oak one without. As I approached my outer door I was amazed to see a key in it. For an instant I imagined that I had left my own there, but on feeling in my pocket I found that it was all right. The only duplicate which

existed, so far as I knew, was that which belonged to my servant, Bannister, a man who has looked after my room for ten years, and whose honesty is absolutely above suspicion. I found that the key was indeed his, that he had entered my room to know if I wanted tea, and that he had very carelessly left the key in the door when he came out. His visit to my room must have been within a very few minutes of my leaving it. His forgetfulness about the key would have mattered little upon any other occasion, but on this one day it has produced the most deplorable consequences.

'The moment I looked at my table I was aware that some one had rummaged among my papers. The proof was in three long slips. I had left them all together. Now I found that one of them was lying on the floor, one was on the side table near the window, and the third was where I had left it.'

Holmes stirred for the first time.

'The first page on the floor, the second in the window, and the third where you left it,' said he.

'Exactly, Mr. Holmes. You amaze me. How could you possibly know that?'

'Pray continue your very interesting statement.'

'For an instant I imagined that Bannister had taken the unpardonable liberty of examining my papers. He denied it, however, with the ut-

most earnestness, and I am convinced that he was speaking the truth. The alternative was that some one passing had observed the key in the door, had known that I was out, and had entered to look at the papers. A large sum of money is at stake, for the scholarship is a very valuable one, and an unscrupulous man might very well run a risk in order to gain advantage over his fellows.

'Bannister was very much upset by the incident. He had nearly fainted when we found that the papers had undoubtedly been tampered with. I gave him a little brandy, and left him collapsed in a chair while I made a most careful examination of the room. I soon saw that the intruder had left other traces of his presence besides the ramped papers. On the table in the window were several shreds from a pencil which had been sharpened. A broken tip of lead was lying there also. Evidently the rascal had copied the paper in a great hurry, had broken his pencil, and had been compelled to put a fresh point to it.'

'Excellent!' said Holmes, who was recovering his good humour as his attention became more engrossed by the case. 'Fortune has been your friend.'

'This was not all. I have a new writing-table with a fine surface of red leather. I am prepared to swear, and so is Bannister, that it was smooth and unstained. Now I found a clean cut

in it about three inches long---not a mere scratch but a positive cut. Not only this but on the table I found a small ball of black dough, or clay, with specks of something which looks like sawdust in it. I am convinced that these marks were left by the man who rifled the papers. There were no foot-marks and no other evidence as to his identity. I was at my wit's end, when suddenly the happy thought occurred to me that you were in the town, and I came straight round to put the matter into your hands. 'Do help me, Mr. Holmes! You see' my dilemma. Either I must find the man, or else the examination must be postponed until fresh papers are prepared, and since this cannot be done without explanation, there will ensue a hideous scandal, which will throw a cloud not only on the college but on the University. Above all things, I desire to settle the matter quietly and discreetly."

'I shall be happy to look into it and to give you such advice as I can' said Holmes, rising and putting on his overcoat. 'This case is not entirely devoid of interest. Had any one visited you in your room after the papers came to you?'

'Yes; young Daulat Ras, an Indian student who lives on the same stair, came in to ask me some particulars about the examination.'

'For which he was entered?'

'Yes.'

'And the papers were on your table?'

'To the best of my belief they were rolled up.'

'But might be recognized as proofs?'

'Possibly.'

'No one else in your room?'

'No.'

'Did any one know that these proofs would be there?'

'No one save the printer.'

'Did this man Bannister know?'

'No, certainly not.' No one knew.'

'Where is Bannister now?'

'He was very ill, poor fellow! I left him collapsed in the chair. I was in such a hurry to come to you.'

'You left your door open?'

'I locked the papers up first.'

'Then it amounts to this, Mr. Soames, that unless the Indian student recognized the roll as being proofs, the man who tampered with them, came upon them accidentally without knowing that they were there.'

'So it seems to me.'

Holmes gave an enigmatic smile.

'Well,' said he, 'let us go round. Not one of your cases, Watson—mental, not physical. All right; come if you want to. Now, Mr. Soames—at your disposal!'

The sitting-room of our client opened by a long, low, latticed window on to the ancient lichen-tinted court of the old college. A Gothic arched door led to a worn stone staircase. On the ground floor was the tutor's room. Above were three students one on each story It was already twilight when we reached the scene of our problem. Holmes halted and looked earnestly at the window. Then he approached it, and, standing on tiptoe, with his neck craned, he looked into the room.

'He must have entered through the door. There is no opening except the one pane,' said our learned guide.

'Dear me!' said Holmes, and he smiled in a singular way as he glanced at our companion. 'Well, if there is nothing to be learned here we had best go inside.'

The lecturer unlocked the outer door and ushered us into his room. We stood at the entrance while Holmes made an examination of the carpet.

'I am afraid there are no signs here,' said he. 'One could hardly hope for any upon so dry a day. Your servant seems to have quite recovered. You left him in a chair, you say; which chair?'

'By the window there.'

'I see. Near this little table. You can come in now. I have finished with the carpet. Let us

take the little table first. Of course, what has happened is very clear. The man entered and took the papers sheet by sheet, from the central table. He carried them over to the window table, because from there he could see if you came across the court-yard, and so could effect an escape.

'As a matter of fact, he could not,' said Soames, 'for I entered by the side.'

'Ah, that's good! Well, anyhow, that was in his mind. Let me see the three strips. No finger impressions—no! Well, he carried over this one first and he copied it. How long would it take him to do that, using every possible contraction? A quarter of an hour, not less. Then he tossed it down and seized the next. He was in the midst of that when your return caused him to make a very hurried retreat—very hurried since he had not time to replace the papers which would tell you that he had been there. You were not aware of any hurrying feet on the stair as you entered the outer door?'

'No, I can't say I was.'

'Well, he wrote so furiously that he broke his pencil, and had, as you observe, to sharpen it again. This is of interest, Watson. The pencil was not an ordinary one. It was about the usual size with a soft lead; the outer colour was dark blue, the maker's name was printed in silver let-

tering, and the piece remaining is only about an inch and a half long. Look for such a pencil, Mr. Soames, and you have got your man. When I add that he possesses a large and very blunt knife, you have an additional aid.'

Mr. Soames was somewhat overwhelmed by this flood of information. 'I can follow the other points,' said he, 'but really in this matter of the length—'

Holmes held out a small chip with the letters NN and a space of clear wood after them.

'You see?'

'No, I fear that even now—'

'Watson, I have always done you an injustice. There are others. What could this NN be? It is at the end of a word. You are aware that Johann Faber is the most common maker's name. Is it not clear that there is just as much of the pencil left as usually follows the Johann?' He held the small table sideways to the electric light. 'I was hoping that if the paper on which he wrote was thin some trace of it might come through upon this polished surface. No, I see nothing. I don't think there is anything more to be learned here. Now for the central table. This small pellet is, I presume, the black doughy mass you spoke of. Roughly pyramidal in shape and hollowed out, I perceive. As you say there appear to be grains of sawdust in it. Dear me, this is very interest-

ing. And the cut—a positive tear, I see. It began with a thin scratch and ended in a jagged hole. I am much indebted to you for directing my attention to this case, Mr. Soames. Where does that door lead to?

‘To my bedroom.’

‘Have you been in it since your adventure?’

‘No; I came straight away for you.’

‘I should like to have a glance round. What a charming, old-fashioned room! Perhaps you will kindly wait a minute until I have examined the floor. No, I see nothing. What about this curtain? You hang your clothes behind it. If any one were forced to conceal himself in this room he must do it there, since the bed is too low and the wardrobe too shallow. No one there, I suppose?’

As Holmes drew the curtain I was aware, from some little rigidity and alertness of his attitude, that he was prepared for an emergency. As a matter of fact the drawn curtain disclosed nothing but three or four suits of clothes hanging from a line of pegs. Holmes turned away and stooped suddenly to the floor.

‘Holloa! What’s this?’ said he.

It was a small pyramid of black, putty-like stuff, exactly like the one upon the table of the study. Holmes held it out on his open palm in the glare of the electric light.

'Your visitor seems to have left traces in your bedroom as well as in your sitting-room, Mr. Spames.'

'What could he have wanted there?'

'I think it is clear enough. You came back by an unexpected way, and so he had no warning until you were at the very door. What could he do? He caught up everything which would betray him, and he rushed into your bedroom to conceal himself.'

'Good gracious, Mr. Holmes, do you mean to tell me that all the time I was talking to Bannister in this room we had the man prisoner if we had only known it?'

'So I read it.'

'Surely there is another alternative, Mr. Holmes! I don't know whether you observed my bedroom window.'

'Lattice-paned, lead framework, three separate windows, one swinging on hinge and large enough to admit a man.'

'Exactly. And it looks out on an angle of the courtyard so as to be partly invisible. The man might have effected his entrance there, left traces as he passed through the bedroom, and finally, finding the door open, have escaped that way.'

Holmes shook his head impatiently.

'Let us be practical' said he. 'I understand you to say that there are three students who use this stair and are in the habit of passing your door?'

'Yes, there are.'

'And they are all in for this examination?'

'Yes.'

'Have you any reason to suspect any one of them more than the others?'

Soames hesitated.

'It is a very delicate question,' said he. 'One hardly likes to throw suspicion where there are no proofs.'

'Let us hear the suspicions. I will look after the proofs.'

'I will tell you, then, in a few words, the character of the three men who inhabit these rooms. The lower of the three is Gilchrist, a fine scholar and athlete; plays in the Rugby team and the cricket team for the college, and got his Blue for the hurdles and the long jump. He is a fine, manly fellow. His father was the notorious Sir Jabez Gilchrist, who ruined himself on the Turf. My scholar has been left very poor, but he is hard-working and industrious. He will do well.

'The second floor is inhabited by Daulat Ras, the Indian. He is a quiet, inscrutable fellow, as most of those Indians are. He is well up in his

work, though his Greek is his weak subject. He is steady and methodical.

irregular
‘The top floor belongs to Miles McLaren. He is a brilliant fellow when he chooses to work—one of the brightest intellects of the University; but he is wayward, dissipated, and unprincipled. He was nearly expelled over a card scandal in his first year. He has been idling all this term, and he must look forward with dread to the examination.’

‘Then it is he whom you suspect?’

‘I dare not go as far as that. But of the three he is perhaps the least unlikely.’

‘Exactly. Now, Mr. Soames, let us have a look at your servant, Bannister.’

gaudy
He was a little, white-faced, clean-shaven, grizzly-haired fellow of fifty. He was still suffering from this sudden disturbance of the quiet routine of his life. His plump face was twitching with his nervousness, and his fingers could not keep still.

‘We are investigating this unhappy business, Bannister,’ said his master.

‘Yes, sir.’

‘I understand,’ said Holmes, ‘that you left your key in the door?’

‘Yes, sir.’

‘Was it not very extraordinary that you

should do this on the very day when there were these papers inside?’

‘It was most unfortunate, sir. But I have occasionally done the same thing at other times.’

‘When did you enter the room?’

‘It was about half-past four. That is Mr. Soames’s tea-time.’

‘How long did you stay?’

‘When I saw that he was absent I withdrew at once.’

‘Did you look at these papers on the table?’

‘No, sir, certainly not.’

‘How came you to leave the key in the door?’

‘I had the tea-tray in my hand. I thought I would come back for the key. Then I forgot.’

‘Has the outer door a spring lock?’

‘No, sir.’

‘Then it was open all the time?’

‘Yes, sir.’

‘Any one in the room could get out?’

‘Yes, sir.’

‘When Mr. Soames returned and called for you, you were very much disturbed?’

‘Yes, sir. Such a thing has never happened during the many years that I have been here. I nearly fainted, sir.’

‘So I understand. Where were you when you began to feel bad?’

'Where was I, sir? Why, here, near the door.'

'That is singular, because you sat down in that chair over yonder near the corner. Why did you pass these other chairs?'

'I don't know, sir. It didn't matter to me where I sat.'

'I really don't think he knew much about it, Mr. Holmes. He was looking very bad—quite ghastly.'

'You stayed here when your master left?'

'Only for a minute or so. Then I locked the door and went to my room.'

'Whom do you suspect?'

'Oh, I would not venture to say, sir. I don't believe there is any gentleman in this University who is capable of profiting by such an action. No sir. I'll not believe it.'

'Thank you; that will do,' said Holmes. 'Oh, one more word. You have not mentioned to any of the three gentlemen whom you attend that anything is amiss?'

'No, sir; not a word.'

'You haven't seen any of them?'

'No, sir.'

'Very good. Now, Mr. Soames, we will take a walk in the quadrangle, if you please.'

Three yellow squares of light shone above us in the gathering gloom.

'Your three birds are all in their nests,' said Holmes, looking up. 'Halloa? What's that? One of them seems restless enough.'

It was the Indian, whose dark silhouette appeared suddenly upon the blind. He was pacing swiftly up and down his room.

'I should like to have a peep at each of them,' said Holmes. 'Is it possible?'

'No difficulty in the world,' Soames answered. 'This set of rooms is quite the oldest in the college, and it is not unusual for visitors to go over them. Come along, and I will personally conduct you.'

'No names, please!' said Holmes, as we knocked at Gilchrist's door. A tall, flax-haired, slim young fellow opened it, and made us welcome when he understood our errand. There were some really curious pieces of mediæval domestic architecture within. Holmes was so charmed with one of them that he insisted on drawing it on his notebook, broke his pencil, had to borrow one from our host, and finally borrowed a knife to sharpen his own. The same curious accident happened to him in the rooms of the Indian—a silent little, hook-nosed fellow, who eyed us askance and was obviously glad when Holmes's architectural studies had come to an end. I could not see that in either case Holmes had come upon the clue for which he was searching. Only at the third did our visit prove abor-

tive. The outer door would not open to our knock, and nothing more substantial than a torrent of bad language came from behind it. 'I don't care who you are. You can go to blazes!' roared the angry voice. 'To-morrow's the exam., and I won't be drawn by any one'

'A rude fellow,' said our guide, flushing with anger as we withdrew down the stair. 'Of course he did not realize that it was I who was knocking, but none the less his conduct was very uncourteous, and indeed, under the circumstances, rather suspicious.'

Holmes's response was a curious one.

'Can you tell me his exact height?' he asked. 'Really, Mr. Holmes, I cannot undertake to say. He is taller than the Indian, not so tall as Gilchrist. I suppose five foot six would be about it.'

'That is very important,' said Holmes. 'And now, Mr. Soames, I wish you good night.'

Our guide cried aloud in his astonishment and dismay.

'Good gracious, Mr. Holmes, you are surely not going to leave me in this abrupt fashion! You don't seem to realize the position. To-morrow is the examination. I must take some definite action to-night. I cannot allow the examination to be held if one of the papers has been tampered with. The situation must be faced.'

'You must leave it as it is. I shall drop round early to-morrow morning and chat the matter over. It is possible that I may be in a position then to indicate some course of action. Meanwhile you change nothing—nothing at all.'

'You can be perfectly easy in your mind.'

'Very good, Mr. Holmes.'

'We shall certainly find some way out of your difficulties. I will take the black clay, with me, also the pencil cutting. Good-bye.'

When we were out in the darkness of the quadrangle we again looked up at the windows. The Indian still paced his room. The others were invisible.

'Well, Watson, what do you think of it?' Holmes asked as we came out into the main street. 'Quite a little parlour game—sort of three-card trick, is it not? There are your three men. It must be one of them. You take your choice. Which is yours?'

'The foul mouthed fellow at the top. He is the one with the worst record. And yet that Indian was a sly fellow also. Why should he be pacing his room all the time?'

'There is nothing in that. Many men do it when they are trying to learn anything by heart.'

'He looked at us in a queer way.'

'So would you if a flock of strangers came in on you when you were preparing for an exami-

nation next day, and every moment was of value. No, I see nothing in that. Pencils, too, and knives—all was satisfactory. But that fellow *does* puzzle me.'

'Who?'

'Why, Bannister, the servant. What's his game in the matter?'

'He impressed me as being a perfectly honest man.'

'So he did me. That's the puzzling part. Why should a perfectly honest man—well, well, here's a large stationer's. We shall begin our researches here.'

There were only four stationers of any consequence in the town, and at each Holmes produced his pencil chips and bid high for a duplicate. All were agreed that one could be ordered, but that it was not a usual size of pencil, and that it was seldom kept in stock. My friend did not appear to be depressed by his failure, but shrugged his shoulders in half-humorous resignation.

'No good, my dear Watson. This, the best and only final clue, has run to nothing. But, indeed, I have little doubt that we can build up a sufficient case without it. By Jove! my dear fellow, it is nearly nine, and the landlady babbled of green peas at seven-thirty. What with your eternal tobacco, Watson, and your irregularity at meals, I expect that you will get notice to quit,

and that I shall share your downfall—not, however, before we have solved the problem of the nervous tutor, the careless servant, and the three enterprising students.’

Holmes made no further allusion to the matter that day, though he sat lost in thought for a long time after our belated dinner. At eight in the morning he came into my room just as I finished my toilet.

‘Well, Watson,’ said he, ‘it is time we went down to St. Luke’s. Can you do without breakfast?’

‘Certainly.’

‘Soames will be in a dreadful fidget until we are able to tell him something positive.’

‘Have you anything positive to tell him?’

‘I think so.’

‘You have formed a conclusion?’

‘Yes, my dear Watson; I have solved the mystery.’

‘But what fresh evidence could you have got?’

‘Aha! it is not for nothing that I have turned myself out of bed at the untimely hour of six. I have put in two hours’ hard work and covered at least five miles, with something to show for it. Look at that!’

He held out his hand. On the palm were three little pyramids of black, doughy clay.

'Why, Holmes, you had only two yesterday!'

'And one more this morning. It is a fair argument, that wherever No. 3 came from is also the source of Nos. 1 and 2. Eh, Watson? Well come along and put friend Soames out of his pain.'

The unfortunate tutor was certainly in a state of pitiable agitation when we found him in his chambers. In a few hours the examinations would commence, and he was still in the dilemma between making the facts public and allowing the culprit to compete for the valuable scholarship. He could hardly stand still, so great was his mental agitation, and he ran towards Holmes with two eager hands outstretched.

'Thank Heaven that you have come! I feared that you had given it up in despair. What am I to do? Shall the examination proceed?'

'Yes; let it proceed, by all means.'

'But this rascal—?'

'He shall not compete.'

'You know him?'

'I think so. If this matter is not to become public we must give ourselves certain powers, and resolve ourselves into a small private court martial. You there, if you please, Soames! Watson, you here! I'll take the armchair in the middle. I think that we are now sufficiently imposing to

strike terror into a guilty breast. Kindly ring the bell! 6145

Bannister entered, and shrank back in evident surprise and fear at our judicial appearance.

'You will kindly close the door,' said Holmes. 'Now, Bannister, will you please tell us the truth about yesterday's incident?'

The man turned white to the roots of his hair.

'I have told you everything, sir.'

'Nothing to add?'

'Nothing at all, sir.'

'Well, then, I must make some suggestions to you. When you sat down on that chair yesterday, did you do so in order to conceal some object which would have shown who had been in the room?'

Bannister's face was ghastly.

'No, sir; certainly not.'

'It is only a suggestion,' said Holmes suavely.

'I frankly admit that I am unable to prove it. But it seems probable enough, since the moment that Mr. Soames's back was turned you released the man who was hiding in that bedroom.'

Bannister licked his dry lips.

'There was no man, sir.'

'Ah, that's a pity, Bannister. Up to now you may have spoken the truth, but now I know that you have lied.'

The man's face set in sullen defiance.

'There was no man, sir.'

'Come, come, Bannister.'

'No, sir; there was no one.'

'In that case you can give us no further information. Would you please remain in the room? Stand over there near the bedroom door. Now, Soames, I am going to ask you to have the great kindness to go up to the room of young Gilchrist, and to ask him to step down into yours.'

An instant later the tutor returned, bringing with him the student. He was a fine figure of a man tall, lithe, and agile, with a springy step and a pleasant, open face. His troubled blue eyes glanced at each of us, and finally rested with an expression of blank dismay upon Bannister in the farther corner.

'Just close the door,' said Holmes. 'Now, Mr. Gilchrist. We are all quite alone here, and no one need ever know one word of what passes between us. We can be perfectly frank with each other. We want to know, Mr. Gilchrist, how you, an honourable man, ever came to commit such an action as that of yesterday?'

The unfortunate young man staggered back, and cast a look full of horror and reproach at Bannister.

'No, no, Mr. Gilchrist, sir; I never said a word—never one word!' cried the servant.

'No, but you have now,' said Holmes. 'Now, sir, you must see that after Bannister's words your position is hopeless, and that your only chance lies in a frank confession.'

For a moment Gilchrist, with upraised hand, tried to control his writhing features. The next he had thrown himself on his knees beside the table, and burying his face in his hands, he burst into a storm of passionate sobbing.

'Come, come,' said Holmes kindly; 'it is human to err, and at least no one can accuse you of being a callous criminal. Perhaps it would be easier for you if I were to tell Mr. Soames what occurred and you can check me where I am wrong. Shall I do so? Well, well, don't trouble to answer. Listen, and see that I do you no injustice.'

'From the moment, Mr. Soames, that you said to me that no one, not even Bannister, could have told that the papers were in your room, the case began to take a definite shape in my mind. The printer one could, of course, dismiss. He could examine the papers in his own office. The Indian I also thought nothing of. If the proofs were in roll he could not possibly know what they were. On the other hand, it seemed an unthinkable coincidence that a man should dare to enter

the room, and that by chance on that very day the papers were on the table. I dismissed that. The man who entered knew that the papers were there. How did he know?

'When I approached your room, I examined the window. You amused me by supposing that I was contemplating the possibility of some one having in broad daylight, under the eyes of all these opposite rooms, forced himself through it. Such an idea was absurd. I was measuring how tall a man would need to be in order to see as he passed what papers were on the central table. I am six feet high, and I could do it with an effort. No one less than that would have a chance. Already, you see, I had reason to think that if one of your three students was a man of unusual height he was the most worth watching of the three.

I entered, and I took you into my confidence as to the suggestions of the side table. Of the centre table I could make nothing, until in your description of Gilchrist you mentioned that he was a long-distance jumper. Then the whole thing came to me in an instant, and I only needed certain corroborative proofs which I speedily obtained.

'What happened was this. This young fellow had employed his afternoon at the athletic grounds, where he had been practising the jump.

He returned carrying his jumping shoes, which are provided, as you are aware, with several spikes. As he passed your window, he saw, by means of his great height, these proofs upon your table, and conjectured what they were. No harm would have been done had it not been that as he passed your door he perceived the key which had been left by the carelessness of your servant. A sudden impulse came over him to enter and see if they were indeed the proofs. It was not a dangerous exploit, for he could always pretend, that he had simply looked in to ask a question.

Well, when he saw that they were indeed the proofs, it was then that he yielded to temptation. He put his shoes on the table. What was it you put on that chair near the window?

'Gloves,' said the young man.

Holmes looked triumphantly at Bannister.

'He put his gloves on the chair, and he took the proofs, sheet by sheet, to copy them. He thought the tutor must return by the main gate, and that he would see him. As we know, he came back by the side gate. Suddenly he heard him at the very door. There was no possible escape. He forgot his gloves but he caught up his shoes and darted into the bedroom. You observe that the scratch on that table is slight at one side, but deepens in the direction of the bedroom door. That in itself is enough to show us that the shoes had

been drawn in that direction, and that the culprit had taken refuge there. The earth round the spike had been left on the table and a second sample was loosened and fell in the bedroom. I may add that I walked out to the athletic grounds this morning, saw that tenacious black clay is used in the jumping pit, and carried away a specimen of it, together with some of the fine tan or sawdust which is strewn over it to prevent the athlete from slipping. 'Have I told the truth, Mr. Gilchrist?'

The student had drawn himself erect.

'Yes, sir, it is true,' said he.

'Good heavens, have you nothing to add?' cried Soames.

'Yes, sir, I have, but the shock of this disgraceful exposure has bewildered me. I have a letter here, Mr. Soames, which I wrote to you early this morning in the middle of a restless night. It was before I knew that my sin had found me out. Here it is, sir. You will see that I have said, "I have determined not to go in for the examination. I have been offered a commission in the Rhodesian Police, and I am going out to South Africa at once."'

'I am indeed pleased to hear that you did not intend to profit by your unfair advantage,' said Soames. 'But why did you change your purpose?'

Gilchrist pointed to Bannister.

'There is the man who sent me in the right path,' said he.

'Come now, Bannister,' said Holmes. 'It will be clear to you from what I have said that only you could have let this young man out, since you were left in the room and must have locked the door when you went out. As to his escaping by that window, it was incredible. Can you not clear up the last point in this mystery, and tell us the reason for your action?'

'It was simple enough, sir, if you only had known; but with all your cleverness it was impossible that you could know. Time was, sir, when I was butler to old Sir Jabez Gilchrist, this young gentleman's father. When he was ruined I came to the college as servant, but I never forgot my old employer because he was down in the world. I watched his son all I could for the sake of the old days. Well, sir, when I came into this room yesterday when the alarm was given, the first thing I saw was Mr. Gilchrist's tan gloves lying in that chair. I knew those gloves well, and I understood their message. If Mr. Soames saw them the game was up. I flopped down into that chair and nothing would budge me until Mr. Soames went for you. Then out came my poor young master, whom I had dandled on my knee, and confessed it all to me. Wasn't it natural, sir, that I should save him, and wasn't it natural

also that I should try to speak to him as his dead father would have done, and make him understand that he could not profit by such a deed? Could you blame me, sir?

'No, indeed!' said Holmes heartily, springing to his feet. 'Well, Soames, I think we have cleared your little problem up, and our breakfast awaits us at home. Come, Watson! As to you, sir, I trust that a bright future awaits you in Rhodesia. For once you have fallen low. Let us see in the future how high you can rise.'

—A. Conan Doyle.

THE VICTORY

She was the Princess Ajita. And the court poet of King Narayan had never seen her. On the day he recited a new poem to the king he would raise his voice just to that pitch which could be heard by unseen hearers in the screened balcony high above the hall. He sent up his song towards the star-land out of his reach, where, circled with light, the planet who ruled his destiny shone unknown and out of ken. *known*

del He would espy some shadow moving behind the veil. A tinkling sound would come to his ear from afar, and would set him dreaming of the ankles whose tiny golden bells sang at each step. Ah, the rosy red tender feet that walked the dust of the earth like God's mercy on the fallen! The poet had placed them on the altar of his heart, where he wove his songs to the tune of those golden bells. Doubt never arose in his mind as to whose shadow it was that moved behind the screen, and whose anklets they were that sang to the time of his beating heart.

Manjari, the maid of the princess, passed by the poet's house on her way to the river, and she never missed a day to have a few words with him on the sly. When she found the road deserted, *secretly*

and the shadow of dusk on the land, she would boldly enter his room, and sit at the corner of his carpet. There was a suspicion of an added care in the choice of the colour of her veil, in the setting of the flower in her hair.

People smiled and whispered at this, and they were not to blame. For Shekhar the poet never took the trouble to hide the fact that these meetings were a pure joy to him.

The meaning of her name was *the spray of flowers*. One must confess that for an ordinary mortal it was sufficient in its sweetness. But Shekhar made his own addition to this name, and called her the Spray of Spring Flowers. And ordinary mortals shook their heads and said, "Ah, me!"

In the spring songs that the poet sang the praise of the spray of spring flowers was conspicuously reiterated; and the king winked and smiled at him when he heard it, and the poet smiled in answer.

The king would put him the question: "Is it the business of the bee merely to hum in the court of the spring?"

The poet would answer: "No, but also to sip the honey of the spray of spring flowers."

And they all laughed in the king's hall. And it was rumoured that the Princess Ajita also laughed at her maid's accepting the poet's

name for her, and Manjari felt glad in her heart.

Thus truth and falsehood mingle in life—and to what God builds man adds his own decoration.

Only those were pure truths which were sung by the poet. The theme was Krishna, the lover god, and Radha, the beloved, the Eternal Man and the Eternal Woman, the sorrow that comes from the beginning of time, and the joy without end. The truth of these songs was tested in his inmost heart by everybody from the beggar to the king himself. The poet's songs were on the lips of all. At the merest glimmer of the moon and the faintest whisper of the summer breeze, his songs would break forth in the land from windows and courtyards, from sailing-boats, from shadows of the wayside trees, in numberless voices.

Thus passed the days happily. The poet recited, the king listened, the hearers applauded, Manjari passed and repassed by the poet's room, on her way to the river—the shadow flitted behind the screened balcony, and the tiny golden bells tinkled from afar.

Just then set forth from his home in the south a poet on his path of conquest. He came to King Narayan, in the kingdom of Amarapur. He stood before the throne, and uttered a verse in praise of the king. He had challenged all the court poets

on his way, and his career of victory had been unbroken.

"The king received him with honour, and said: "Poet, I offer you welcome."

Pundarik, the poet, proudly replied: "Sire, I ask for war."

Shekhar, the court poet of the king, did not know how the battle of the Muse was to be waged. He had no sleep a night. The mighty figure of the famous Pundarik, his sharp nose curved like a scimitar, and his proud head tilted on one side, haunted the poet's vision in the dark.

With a trembling heart Shekhar entered the arena in the morning. The theatre was filled with the crowd.

The poet greeted his rival with a smile and a bow. Pundarik returned it with a slight toss of his head, and turned his face towards his circle of adoring followers with a meaning smile.

Shekhar cast his glance towards the screened balcony high above, and saluted his lady in his mind, saying: "If I am the winner at the combat to-day, my lady, thy victorious name shall be glorified."

The trumpet sounded. The great crowd stood up, shouting victory to the king. The king, dressed in an ample robe of white, slowly came into the hall like a floating cloud of autumn, and sat on his throne.

Pundarik stood up, and the vast hall became still. With his head raised high and chest expanded, he began in his thundering voice to recite the praise of King Narayan. His words burst upon the walls of the hall like breakers of the sea, and seemed to rattle against the ribs of the listening crowd. The skill with which he gave varied meanings to the name Narayan, and wove each letter of it through the web of his verses in all manner of combinations, took away the breath of his amazed hearers. *Sides*

For some minutes after he took his seat his voice continued to vibrate among the numberless pillars of the king's court and in thousands of speechless hearts. The learned professors who had come from distant lands raised their right hands, and cried, "Bravo!"

The king threw a glance on Shekhar's face, and Shekhar in answer raised for a moment his eyes full of pain towards his master, and then stood up like a stricken deer at bay. His face was pale, his bashfulness was almost that of a woman, his slight youthful figure, delicate in its outline, seemed like a tensely strung vina ready to break out in music at the least touch. *instrument*

His head was bent, his voice was low, when he began. The first few verses were almost inaudible. Then he slowly raised his head, and his clear sweet voice rose into the sky like a quivering flame.

History
fragrance
of fire. He began with the ancient legend of the kingly line lost in the haze of the past, and brought it down through its long course of heroism and matchless generosity to the present age. He fixed his gaze on the king's face, and all the vast and unexpressed love of the people for the royal house rose like incense in his song, and enwreathed the throne on all sides. These were his last words when, trembling, he took his seat: "My master, I may be beaten in play of words, but not in my love for thee!"

Tears filled the eyes of the hearers, and the stone walls shook with cries of victory.

Mocking this popular outburst of feeling, with an angust shake of his head and a contemptuous sneer, Pundarik stood up, and flung this question to the assembly: "What is there superior to words?" In a moment the hall lapsed into silence again.

Then with a marvellous display of learning, he proved that the Word was in the beginning, that the Word was God. He piled up quotations from scriptures, and built a high altar for the Word to be seated above all that there is in heaven and in earth. He repeated that question in his mighty voice: "What is there superior to words?"

Proudly he looked around him. None dared to accept his challenge, and he slowly took his seat

like a lion who had just made a full meal of its victim. The pandits shouted, "Bravo!" The king remained silent with wonder, and the poet Shekhar felt himself of no account by the side of this stupendous learning. The assembly broke up for that day.

Next day Shekhar began his song. It was of that day when the pipings of love's flute startled for the first time the hushed air of the Vrinda forest. The shepherd women did not know who was the player or whence came the music. Sometimes it seemed to come from the heart of the south wind, and sometimes from the straying clouds of the hill-tops. It came with a message of tryst from the land of the sunrise, and it floated from the verge of sunset with its sigh of sorrow. The stars seemed to be the stops of the instrument that flooded the dreams of the night with melody. The music seemed to burst all at once from all sides, from fields and groves, from the shady lanes and lonely roads, from the melting blue of the sky, from the shimmering green of the grass. They neither knew its meaning nor could they find words to give utterance to the desire of their hearts. Tears filled their eyes, and their life seemed to long for a death that would be its consummation. Shekhar forgot his audience, forgot the trial of its strength with a rival. He stood alone amid his thoughts that rustled and quivered

round him like leaves in a summer breeze, and sang the Song of the Flute. He had in his mind the vision of an image that had taken its shape from a shadow, and the echo of a faint tinkling sound of a distant footstep.

He took his seat. His hearers trembled with the sadness of an indefinable delight, immense and vague, and they forgot to applaud him. As this feeling died away Pundarik stood up before the throne and challenged his rival to define who was this Lover and who was the Beloved. He arrogantly looked around him, he smiled at his followers and then put the question again: "Who is Krishna, the lover, and who is Radha, the beloved?"

Then he began to analyse the roots of those names,—and various interpretations of their meanings. He brought before the bewildered audience all the intricacies of the different schools of metaphysics with consummate skill. Each letter of those names he divided from its fellow, and then pursued them with a relentless logic till they fell to the dust in confusion, to be caught up again and restored to a meaning never before imagined by the subtlest of wordmongers.

The pandits were in ecstasy; they applauded vociferously; and the crowd followed them, deluded into the certainty that they had witnessed, that day, the last shred of the curtains of Truth.

torn to pieces before their eyes by a prodigy of intellect. The performance of his tremendous feat so delighted them that they forgot to ask themselves if there was any truth behind it after all.

The king's mind was overwhelmed with wonder. The atmosphere was completely cleared of all illusion of music, and the vision of the world around seemed to be changed from its freshness of tender green to the solidity of a high road levelled and made hard with crushed stones.

To the people assembled their own poet appeared a mere boy in comparison with this giant, who walked with such ease, knocking down difficulties at each step in the world of words and thoughts. It became evident to them for the first time that the poems Shekhar wrote were absurdly simple, and it must be a mere accident that they did not write them themselves. They were neither new, nor difficult, nor instructive, nor necessary.

The king tried to goad his poet with keen glances, silently inciting him to make a final effort. But Shekhar took no notice, and remained fixed to his seat.

The king in anger came down from his throne—took off his pearl chain and put it on Pundarik's head. Everybody in the hall cheered. From the upper balcony came a slight sound of the movements of rustling robes and waist-chains hung

with golden bells. Shekhar rose from his seat and left the hall.

It was a dark night of waning moon. The poet Shekhar took down his MSS. from his shelves and heaped them on the floor. Some of them contained his earliest writings, which he had almost forgotten. He turned over the pages, reading passages here and there. They all seemed to him poor and trivial—mere words and childish rhymes!

One by one he tore his books to fragments, and threw them into a vessel containing fire, and said: "To thee, to thee, O my beauty, my fire! Thou hast been burning in my heart all these futile years. If my life were a piece of gold it would come out of its trial brighter, but it is a trodden turf of grass, and nothing remains of it but this handful of ashes."

The night wore on. Shekhar opened wide his windows. He spread upon his bed the white flowers that he loved, the jasmines, tuberoses and chrysanthemums, and brought into his bedroom all the lamps he had in his house and lighted them. Then mixing with honey the juice of some poisonous root, he drank it and lay down on his bed.

Golden anklets tinkled in the passage outside the door, and a subtle perfume came into the room with the breeze.

The poet, with his eyes shut, said: "My lady, have you taken pity upon your servant at last and come to see him?"

The answer came in a sweet voice: "My poet I have come."

Shekhar opened his eyes—and saw before his bed the figure of a woman.

His sight was dim and blurred. And it seemed to him that the image made of a shadow that he had ever kept throned in the secret shrine of his heart had come into the outer world in his last moment to gaze upon his face.

The woman said: "I am the Princess Ajita."

The poet with a great effort sat up on his bed.

The princess whispered into his ear: "The king has not done you justice. It was you who won at the combat, my poet, and I have come to crown you with the crown of victory."

She took the garland of flowers from her own neck, and put it on his hair, and the poet fell down upon his bed stricken by death.

—*Rabindranath Tagore.*

THE STOLEN BACILLUS

'This again,' said the Bacteriologist, slipping a glass slide under the microscope, 'is a preparation of the celebrated *Bacillus* of Cholera—the cholera germ.'

The pale-faced man peered down the microscope. He was evidently not accustomed to that kind of thing, and held a limp white hand over his disengaged eye. 'I see very little,' he said.

'Touch this screw,' said the Bacteriologist; 'perhaps the microscope is out of focus for you. Eyes vary so much. Just the fraction of a turn this way or that.'

'Ah! now I see,' said the visitor. 'Not so very much to see after all. Little streaks and shreds of pink. And yet those little particles, those mere atomies, might multiply and devastate a city! Wonderful!'

He stood up, and releasing the glass slip from the microscope, held it in his hand towards the window. 'Scarcely visible,' he said, scrutinizing the preparation. He hesitated. 'Are these—alive? Are they dangerous now?'

'Those have been stained and killed,' said the Bacteriologist. 'I wish, for my own part, we

could kill and stain every one of them in the universe.'

'I suppose,' the pale man said with a slight smile, 'that you scarcely care to have such things about you in the living—in the active state?'

'On the contrary, we are obliged to,' said the Bacteriologist. 'Here, for instance—' He walked across the room and took up one of several sealed tubes. 'Here is the living thing. This is a cultivation of the actual living disease bacteria.' He hesitated. 'Bottled cholera, so to speak.'

A slight gleam of satisfaction appeared momentarily in the face of the pale man. 'It's a deadly thing to have in your possession,' he said, devouring the little tube with his eyes. The Bacteriologist watched the morbid pleasure in his visitor's expression. This man, who had visited him that afternoon with a note of introduction from an old friend, interested him from the very contrast of their dispositions. The lank black hair and deep grey eyes, the haggard expression and nervous manner, the fitful yet keen interest of his visitor were a novel change from the phlegmatic deliberations of the ordinary scientific worker with whom the Bacteriologist chiefly associated. It was perhaps natural, with a hearer evidently so impressionable to the lethal nature of his topic, to take the most effective aspect of the matter.

He held the tube in his hand thoughtfully. 'Yes, here is the pestilence imprisoned. Only break such a little tube as this into a supply of drinking-water, say to these minute particles of life that one must needs stain and examine with the highest powers of the microscope even to see, and that one can neither smell nor taste—say to them. "Go forth, increase and multiply, and replenish the cisterns," and death—mysterious, untraceable death, death swift and terrible, death full of pain and indignity—would be released upon this city, and go hither and thither seeking his victims. Here he would take the husband from the wife, here the child from its mother, here the statesman from his duty, and here the toiler from his trouble. He would follow the water-mains, creeping along streets, picking out and punishing a house here and a house there where they did not boil their drinking-water, creeping into the wells of the mineral-water makers, getting washed into salad, and lying dormant in ices. He would wait ready to be drunk in the horse-troughs, and by unwary children in the public fountains. He would soak into the soil, to reappear in springs and wells at a thousand unexpected places. Once start him at the water supply, and before we could ring him in, and catch him again, he would have decimated the metropolis.'

He stopped abruptly. He had been told rhetoric was his weakness.

'But he is quite safe here, you know—quite safe.'

The pale-faced man nodded. His eyes shone. He cleared his throat. 'These Anarchist-rascals,' said he, 'are fools, blind fools—to use bombs when this kind of thing is attainable. I think—'

A gentle rap, a mere light touch of the finger nails, was heard at the door. The Bacteriologist opened it. 'Just a minute, dear,' whispered his wife.

When he re-entered the laboratory his visitor was looking at his watch. 'I had no idea I had wasted an hour of your time,' he said. 'Twelve minutes to four. I ought to have left here by half-past three. But your things were really too interesting. No, positively I cannot stop a moment longer. I have an engagement at four.'

He passed out of the room reiterating his thanks; and the Bacteriologist accompanied him to the door, and then returned thoughtfully along the passage to his laboratory. He was musing on the ethnology of his visitor. Certainly the man was not a Teutonic type nor a common Latin one. 'A morbid product, anyhow, I am afraid,' said the Bacteriologist to himself. 'How he gloated on those cultivations of disease-germs!' A *showed his interest*

disturbing thought struck him. He turned to the bench by the vapour-bath, and then very quickly to his writing-table. Then he felt hastily in his pockets, and then rushed to the door. 'I may have put it down on the hall table,' he said.

'Minnie!' he shouted hoarsely in the hall.

'Yes, dear,' came a remote voice.

'Had I anything in my hand when I spoke to you, dear, just now?'

Pause.

'Nothing, dear, because I remember——'

'Blue ruin!' cried the Bacteriologist, and incontinently ran to the front door and down the steps of his house to the street.

Minnie, hearing the door slam violently, ran in alarm to the window. Down the street a slender man was getting into a cab. The Bacteriologist, hatless, and in his carpet slippers, was running and gesticulating wildly towards this group. One slipper came off, but he did not wait for it. 'He has gone mad!' said Minnie; 'it's that horrid science of his,' and, opening the window would have called after him. The slender man, suddenly glancing round, seemed struck with the same idea of mental disorder. He pointed hastily to the Bacteriologist, said something to the cabman, the apron of the cab slammed, the whip swished, the horse's feet clattered, and in a moment cab, and Bacteriologist hotly in pursuit,

had receded up the vista of the roadway and disappeared round the corner.

Minnie remained straining out of the window for a minute. Then she drew her head back into the room again. She was dumbfounded. 'Of course he is eccentric,' she meditated. 'But running about London—in the height of the season, too—in his socks!' A happy thought struck her. She hastily put her bonnet on, seized his shoes, went into the hall, took down his hat and light overcoat from the pegs, emerged upon the doorstep, and hailed a cab that opportunely crawled by. 'Drive me up the road and round Havelock Crescent, and see if we can find a gentleman running about in a velveteen coat and no hat.'

'Velveteen coat, ma'am, and no hat. Very good, ma'am.' And the cabman whipped up at once in the most matter-of-fact way, as if he drove to this address every day in his life.

Some few minutes later the little group of cabmen and loafers that collect round the cabmen's shelter at Haverstock Hill were startled by the passing of a cab with a ginger-coloured screw of a horse, driven furiously.

Minnie went by in a perfect roar of applause. She did not like it, but she felt that she was doing her duty, and whirled on down Haverstock Hill and Camden Town High Street with her eyes ever intent on the animated back view of old

George, who was driving her vagrant husband so incomprehensibly away from her.

The man in the foremost cab sat crouched in the corner, his arms tightly folded, and the little tube that contained such vast possibilities of destruction gripped in his hand. His mood was a singular mixture of fear and exultation. Chiefly he was afraid of being caught before he could accomplish his purpose, but behind this was vaguer but larger fear of the awfulness of his crime. But his exultation far exceeded his fear. No Anarchist before him had ever approached this conception of his. Ravañhol, Vaillant, all those distinguished persons whose fame he had envied, dwindled into insignificance beside him. He had only to make sure of the water supply, and break the little tube into a reservoir. How brilliantly he had planned it, forged the letter of introduction and got into the laboratory, and how brilliantly he had seized his opportunity! The world should hear of him at last. All those people who had sneered at him, neglected him, preferred other people to him, found his company undesirable, should consider him at last. Death, death, death! They had always treated him as a man of no importance. All the world had been in a conspiracy to keep him under. He would teach them yet what it is to isolate a man. What was this familiar street? Great Saint Andrew's

Street, of course! How fared the chase? He craned out of the cab. The Bacteriologist was scarcely fifty yards behind. That was bad. He would be caught and stopped yet. He felt in his pocket for money, and found half a sovereign. This he thrust up through the trap in the top of the cab into the man's face. 'More,' he shouted, 'if only we get away.'

The money was snatched out of his hand. 'Right you are,' said the cabman, and the trap slammed and the lash lay along the glistening side of the horse. The cab swayed, and the Anarchist, half-standing under the trap, put the hand containing the little glass tube upon the apron to preserve his balance. He felt the brittle thing crack, and the broken half of it rang upon the floor of the cab. He fell back into the seat with a curse, and stared dismally at the two or three drops of moisture on the apron.

He shuddered.

'Well! I suppose I shall be the first. Phew! Anyhow, I shall be a martyr. That's something. But it is a filthy death, nevertheless. I wonder if it hurts as much as they say.'

Presently a thought occurred to him—he groped between his feet. A little drop was still in the broken end of the tube, and he drank that to make sure. It was better to make sure. At any rate, he would not fail.

Then it dawned upon him that there was no further need to escape the Bacteriologist. In Wellington Street he told the cabman to stop, and got out. He slipped on the step, and his head felt queer. It was rabid stuff this cholera poison. He waved his cabman out of existence, so to speak, and stood on the pavement with his arms folded upon his breast awaiting the arrival of the Bacteriologist. There was something tragic in his pose. The sense of imminent death gave him a certain dignity. He greeted his pursuer with a defiant laugh.

'Vive l'Anarchie! You are too late, my friend. I have drunk it. The cholera is abroad!'

The Bacteriologist from his cab beamed curiously at him through his spectacles. 'You have drunk it! An Anarchist! I see now.' He was about to say something more, and then checked himself. A smile hung in the corner of his mouth. He opened the apron of his cab as if to descend, at which the Anarchist waved him a dramatic farewell and strode off towards Waterloo Bridge, carefully jostling his infected body against as many people as possible. The Bacteriologist was so preoccupied with the vision of him that he scarcely manifested the slightest surprise at the appearance of Minnie upon the pavement with his hat and shoes and overcoat. 'Very good of you to bring my things,' he said, and

remained lost in contemplation of the receding figure of the Anarchist.

'You had better get in,' he said, still staring. Minnie felt absolutely convinced now that he was mad, and directed the cabman home on her own responsibility. 'Put on my shoes? Certainly, dear,' said he, as the cab began to turn, and hid the strutting black figure, now small in the distance, from his eyes. Then suddenly something grotesque struck him, and he laughed. Then he remarked, 'It is really very serious though.'

'You see, that man came to' my house to see me, and he is an Anarchist. No—don't faint, or I cannot possibly tell you the rest. And I wanted to astonish him, not knowing he was an Anarchist, and took up a cultivation of that new species of Bacterium I was telling you of, that infest, and I think cause, the blue patches upon various monkeys; and like a fool, I said it was Asiatic cholera. And he ran away with it to poison the water of London; and he certainly might have made things look blue for this civilized city. And now he has swallowed it. Of course, I cannot say what will happen, but you know it turned that kitten blue, and the three puppies—in patches; and the sparrow—bright blue. But the bother is, I shall have all the trouble and expense of preparing some more.'

—H. G. Wells.

THE FACE ON THE WALL

I still tingle with mortification over an experience at Dabney's last evening, the only satisfaction being that others tingle with me. We were talking of the supernatural—that unprofitable but endlessly alluring theme—and most of us had cited an instance, without, however, producing much effect. Among the strangers to me was a little man with an anxious white face, whom Rudson-Wayte had brought, and he watched each speaker with the closest attention, but said nothing. Then Dabney, wishing to include him in the talk, turned to him and asked if he had no experience to relate, no story that contained an explicable element.

He thought a moment. "Well," he said, "not a story in the ordinary sense of the word: nothing, that is, from hearsay, like most of your examples. Truth, I always hold, is not only vastly stranger than fiction, but also vastly more interesting. I could tell you an occurrence which happened to me personally, and which oddly enough completed itself only this afternoon."

We begged him to begin.

"A year or two ago," he said, "I was in rooms in Great Ormond Street—an old house on

the Holborn side. The bedroom walls had been distempered by a previous tenant, but the place was damp and great patches of discoloration had broken out. One of these—as indeed often happens—was exactly like a human face; but more faithfully and startlingly like than is customary. Lying on bed in the morning, putting off getting up, I used to watch it and watch it, and gradually I came to think of it as real as my fellow-lodger, in fact. The odd thing was that while the patches on the walls grew larger and changed their contours, this never did. It remained identically the same.

“While there, I had a very bad attack of influenza, with complications, and all day long I had nothing to do but read or meditate, and it was then that this face began to get a firmer hold of me. It grew more and more real and remarkable. I may say that it dominated my thoughts day and night. There was a curious turn to the nose, and the slant of the forehead was unique. It was, in fact, full of individuality: the face of a man apart, a man in a thousand.

“Well, I got better, but the face still controlled me. I found myself searching the streets for one like it. Somewhere, I was convinced, the real man must exist, and him I must meet. Why, I had no notion: I only knew that he and I were in some way linked by fate. I frequented places

where men congregate in large numbers—political meetings, football matches, the railway stations—when the suburban trains pour forth their legions on the City in the morning and receive them again in the evening. But all in vain. I had never before realized as I then did how many different faces of man there are and how few. For all differ, and yet, classified, they belong to only as many groups as you can count on your hands.

“The search became a mania with me. I neglected everything else. I stood at busy corners watching the crowd until people thought me crazy, and the police began to know me and be suspicious. Women I never glanced at: men, men, men, all the time.”

He passed his hand wearily over his brow. “And then,” he continued, “at last I saw him. He was in a taxi driving east along Piccadilly. I turned and ran beside it for a little way and then saw an empty one coming. ‘Follow that taxi,’ I gasped and leaped in. The driver managed to keep it in sight and it took us to Charing Cross. I rushed on to the platform and found my man with two ladies and a little girl. They were going to France by the 2.20. I hung about to try and get a word with him, but in vain. Other friends had joined the party, and they moved to the train in a solid body.

'I hastily purchased a ticket to Folkestone, hoping that I should catch him on the boat before it sailed; but at Folkestone he got on board before me with his friends, and they disappeared into a large private saloon, several cabins, thrown into one. Evidently he was a man of wealth.

"Again I was foiled; but I determined to cross too, feeling certain that when the voyage had begun he would leave the ladies and come out for a stroll on the deck. I had only just enough for the single fare to Boulogne, but nothing could shake me now. I took up my position opposite the saloon door and waited. After half an hour the door opened and he came out, but with the little girl. My heart beat so that it seemed to shake the boat more than the propeller. There was no mistaking the face, every line was the same. He glanced at me and moved towards the companion-way for the upper deck. It was now or never, I felt.

"'Excuse me,' I stammered, 'but do you mind giving me your card? I have a very important reason for wishing to communicate with you.'

"He seemed to be astonished, as indeed well he might; but he complied. With extreme deliberation he took out his case and handed me his card and hurried on with the little girl. It was clear that he thought me a lunatic and considered it wiser to humour me than not.

"Clutching the card I hurried to a deserted corner of the ship and read it. My eyes dimmed; my head swam; for on it were the words: Mr. Ormond Wall, with an address at Pittsburg, U.S.A. I remember no more until I found myself in a hospital at Boulogne." There I lay in a broken condition for some weeks, and only a month ago did I return."

He was silent.

We looked at him and at one another and waited. All the other talk of the evening was nothing compared with the story of the little pale man.

"I went back," he resumed after a moment or so, "to Great Ormond Street and set to work to discover all I could about this American in whose life I had so mysteriously intervened. I wrote to Pittsburg; I wrote to American editors; I cultivated the society of Americans in London; but all that I could find out was that he was a millionaire, with English parents who had resided in London. But where? To that question I received no answer.

"And so the time went on until yesterday morning. I had gone to bed more than usually tired and slept till late. When I woke the sun was streaming into the room. As I always do, I looked at once at the wall on which the face is to be seen. I rubbed my eyes and sprang up:

alarm. It was only faintly visible. Last night it had been as clear as ever—almost I could hear it speak. And now it was but a ghost of itself.

"I got up dazed and dejected, and went out. The early editions of the papers were already out, and on the contents bill I saw, 'American Millionaire's Motor Accident.' You must all of you have seen it. I bought it and read at once what I knew I should read. Mr. Ormond Wall, the Pittsburg millionaire, and party, motoring from Spezzia to Pisa, had come into collision with a wagon and were overturned; Mr. Wall's condition was critical."

"I went back to my room still dazed, and sat on the bed looking with unseeing eyes at the face on the wall. And even as I looked, suddenly it completely disappeared."

"Later I found that Mr. Wall had succumbed to his injuries at what I take to be that very moment."

Again he was silent.

"Most remarkable," we said; "most extraordinary," and so forth, and we meant it too.

"Yes," said the stranger. "There are three extraordinary, three most remarkable things about my story. One is that it should be possible for the discoloration in a lodging house in London not only to form the features of a gentleman in America, but to have this intimate association

with his existence. It will take science some time to explain that. Another is that that gentleman's name should bear any relation to the spot on which his features were being so curiously reproduced by some mysterious agency. Is it not so?"

We agreed with him, and our original discussion on supernatural manifestations set in again with increased excitement, during which the narrator of the amazing experience rose and said good-night. Just as he was at the door, one of the company—I rejoice to think it was Spanton—recalled us to the cause of our excited debate, by asking him, before he left, what he considered the third extraordinary thing in connection with his deeply-interesting story. "You said three things, you know?" Spanton reminded him.

"Oh, the third thing," he said, as he opened the door, "I was forgetting that. The third extraordinary thing about the story is that I made it up about half an hour ago. Good-night, again."

After coming to our senses we looked round for Rudson-Wayte, who had brought this snake to bite our bosoms, but he too had disappeared.

—E. V. Lucas.

THE IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS

My lords, what is it that we want here to a great act of national justice? Do we want a cause, my lords? You have the cause of oppressed princes, of undone women of the first rank, of desolated provinces, and of wasted kingdoms.

Do you want a criminal, my lords? When was there so much iniquity ever laid to the charge of any one?—No, my lords, you must not look to punish any other such delinquent from India.—Warren Hastings has not left substance enough in India to nourish such another delinquent.

My lords, is it a prosecutor you want?—You have before you the Commons of Great Britain as prosecutors; and, I believe, my lords, that the sun in his beneficent progress round the world does not behold a more glorious sight than that of men separated from a remote people by the material bounds and barriers of nature, united by the bond of a social and moral community;—all the Commons of England resenting, as their own, the indignities and cruelties that are offered to all the people of India.

Do we want a tribunal? My lords, no example of antiquity, nothing in the modern

world, nothing in the range of human imagination, can supply us with a tribunal like this. My lords, here we see virtually in the mind's eye that sacred majesty of the crown, under whose authority you sit, and whose power you exercise. We see in that invisible authority, what we all feel in reality and life, the beneficent powers and protecting justice of his Majesty. We have here the heir-apparent to the crown, such as the fond wishes of the people of England wish an heir-apparent of the crown to be. We have here all the branches of the royal family in a situation between majesty and subjection, between the sovereign and the subject,—offering a pledge in that situation for the support of the rights of the crown and the liberties of the people, both which extremities they touch. My lords, we have a great hereditary peerage here; those who have their own honour, the honour of their ancestors, and of their posterity to guard; and who will justify, as they have always justified, that provision in the constitution by which justice is made an hereditary office. My lords, we have here a new nobility who have risen and exalted themselves by various merits, by great military services, which have extended the fame of this country from the rising to the setting sun: we have those who by various civil merits and various civil talents have been exalted to a situation which they well deserve,

and in which they will justify the favour of their sovereign, and the good opinion of their fellow subjects, and make them rejoice to see those virtuous characters, that were the other day upon a level with them, now exalted above them in rank, but feeling with them in sympathy what they felt in common with them before. We have persons exalted from the practice of the law, from the place in which they administered high though subordinate justice, to a seat here, to enlighten with their knowledge and to strengthen with their votes those principles which have distinguished the courts in which they have presided.

My lords, you have here also the lights of our religion; you have the bishops of England. My lords, you have that true image of the primitive church in its ancient form, in its ancient ordinances, purified from the superstitions and the vices which a long succession of ages will bring upon the best institutions. You have the representatives of that religion which says that their God is love, that the very vital spirit of the institution is charity, a religion which so much hates oppression, that when the God whom we adore appeared in human form, he did not appear in a form of greatness and majesty, but in sympathy with the lowest of the people, and thereby made it a firm and ruling principle that their welfare was the object of all government; since

the person, who was the Master of Nature, chose to appear himself in a subordinate situation. These are the considerations which influence them; which animate them, and will animate them, against all oppression; knowing, that He who is called first among them, and first among us all, both of the flock that is fed and of those who feed it, made Himself "the servant of all."

My lords, these are the securities which we have in all the constituent parts of the body of this House. We know them, we reckon, we rest upon them, and commit safely the interests of India and of humanity into your hands. Therefore, it is with confidence that, ordered by the Commons,

I impeach Warren Hastings, Esq., of high crimes and misdemeanours.

I impeach him in the name of the Commons of Great Britain in parliament assembled, whose parliamentary trust he has betrayed.

I impeach him in the name of all the Commons of Great Britain, whose national character he has dishonoured.

I impeach him in the name of the people in India, whose laws, rights, and liberties he has subverted, whose properties he has destroyed, whose country he has laid waste and desolate.

I impeach him in the name and by virtue of those eternal laws of justice which he has violated.

I impeach him in the name of human nature itself, which he has cruelly outraged, injured, and oppressed in both sexes, in every age, rank, situation, and condition of life.

—*Edmund Burke.*

THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN

I have been trying, thus far, to show you what should be the place, and what the power, of woman. Now, secondly, we ask, What kind of education is to fit her for these?

And if you indeed think this a true conception of her office and dignity, it will not be difficult to trace the course of education which would fit her for the one, and raise her to the other.

The first of our duties to her—no thoughtful persons now doubt this—is to secure for her such physical training and exercise as may confirm her health, and perfect her beauty; the highest refinement of that beauty being unattainable without splendour of activity and of delicate strength. To perfect her beauty, I say, and increase its power; it cannot be too powerful, nor shed its sacred light too far: only remember that all physical freedom is vain to produce beauty without a corresponding freedom of heart. There are two passages of that poet, who is distinguished, it seems to me, from all others—not by power, but by exquisite *rightness*—which point you to the source, and describe to you in a few syllables, the completion of womanly beauty. I will read the introductory

stanzas, but the last is the one I wish you specially to notice :—

Three years she grew in sun and shower,
Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown:
This child I to myself will take;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.

Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse; and with me
The girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power,
To kindle or restrain.

The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the storm,
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give,
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell."

"Vital feelings of delight," observe. There are
deadly feelings of delight, but the natural ones
are vital, necessary to very life.

And they must be feelings of delight, if they are to be vital. Do not think you can make a girl lovely, if you do not make her happy. There is not one restraint you put on a good girl's nature—there is not one check you give to her instincts of affection or of effort—which will not be indelibly written on her features, with a hardness which is all the more painful because it takes away the brightness from the eyes of innocence, and the charm from the brow of virtue.

This for the means: now note the end. Take from the same poet, in two lines, a perfect description of womanly beauty—

“A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet.”

The perfect loveliness of a woman's countenance can only consist in that majestic peace which is founded in the memory of happy and useful years,—full of sweet records; and from the joining of this with that yet more majestic childishness, which is still full of change and promise;—opening always—modest at once, and bright, with hope of better things to be won, and to be bestowed. There is no old age where there is still that promise.

Thus, then, you have first to mould her physical frame and then, as the strength she gains will permit you to fill and temper her mind with

all knowledge and thoughts which tend to confirm its natural instincts of justice, and refine its natural tact of love.

All such knowledge should be given her as may enable her to understand, and even to aid, the work of men : and yet it should be given, not as knowledge,—not as if it were, or could be, for her an object to know : but only to feel, and to judge. It is of no moment, as a matter of pride or perfectness in herself, whether she knows many languages or one ; but it is of the utmost, that she should be able to show kindness to a stranger, and to understand the sweetness of a stranger's tongue. It is of no moment to her own worth or dignity that she should be acquainted with this science or that ; but it is of the highest, that she should be trained in habits of accurate thought ; that she should understand the meaning, the inevitableness, and the loveliness of natural laws ; and follow at least some one path of scientific attainment, as far as to the threshold of that bitter Valley of Humiliation, into which only the wisest and bravest of men can descend, owning themselves forever children, gathering pebbles on a boundless shore. It is of little consequence how many positions of cities she knows, or how many dates of events, or names of celebrated persons—it is not the object of education to turn the woman into a dictionary ; but it is deeply necessary that

she should be taught to enter with her whole personality into the history she reads; to picture the passages of it vitaly in her own bright imagination; to apprehend, with her fine instincts, the pathetic circumstances and dramatic relations, which the historian too often only eclipses by his reasoning, and disconnects by his arrangement: it is for her to trace the hidden equities of divine reward, and catch sight, through the darkness, of the fateful threads of woven fire that connect error with retribution. But, chiefly of all, she is to be taught to extend the limits of her sympathy with respect to that history which is being forever determined as the moments pass in which she draws her peaceful breath; and to the contemporary calamity, which, were it but rightly mourned by her, would recur no more hereafter. She is to exercise herself in imagining what would be the effects upon her mind and conduct, if she were daily brought into the presence of the suffering which is not the less real because shut from her sight. She is to be taught, somewhat to understand the nothingness of the proportion which that little world in which she lives and loves, bears to the world in which God lives and loves:—and solemnly she is to be taught to strive that her thoughts of piety may not be feeble in proportion to the number they embrace, nor her prayer more languid than it is for the momentary relief from

pain of her husband or her child, when it is uttered for the multitudes of those who have none to love them, and is, "for all who are desolate and oppressed."

—*John Ruskin.*

NOTES

SOME REMINISCENCES OF THE BAR

MAHATMA GANDHI (1869-), one of the greatest world figures today is universally known and respected for his idealism and saintly life. He is the one man in modern times who has given to politics a spiritual background. Truth and non-violence are the mainsprings of his thoughts and activities. 'Truth is the goal' as he himself is never tired of reiterating; non-violence is the means. He is a keen student of the English Bible which has considerably influenced his style and made it a model of pure and chaste English. His autobiography entitled *The Story of My Experiments with Truth* is a book full of intimate revelations about his life and character and the present piece taken from this book shows how even as a young barrister on the threshold of his career he cared more for the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth rather than for any advantages that its suppression might bring to his client.

This extract, comprising chapters XLIV and XLV of Mahatma Gandhi's *The Story of my Experiments with Truth* clearly shows that a man can remain honest and truthful even in the profession of law.

tutored: coached the witnesses to say what suited their client.

bench: the judges sitting in the seat of Justice.

sharp practice: trickery: dishonourable taking of advantage.

arraign: accuse; charge with fault.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

LORD MACAULAY (1800-1859). Orator, statesman, essayist and historian, Lord Macaulay was one of the most prominent figures in the political and literary life of England in his day. His *History of England* is one of the major literary works of the nineteenth century and it gained immediate and wide popularity on account of its picturesque, stimulating and stately prose style. His *Essays: Historical and Critical* were also characterised by much wealth of learning and information and continue to be read with enthusiasm by youthful readers on account of their lucidity, vivid pen-pictures of men and measures and sonorous phraseology.

The present estimate of the life of Goldsmith is at once well-informed and critical and sets forth the good-natured Irish writer's character in all its strength and weakness. Many of Goldsmith's qualities have been brought out in the most unmistakable terms. Equally some of his undoubted faults have been emphasized with the utmost frankness.

Pallas: a village in Ireland.

maid-servant: Elizabeth Delap who considered Goldsmith to be one of the dumbest boys she ever had.

quarter-master: an officer attached to each regiment for laying out the camp, providing quarters for the soldiers and looking after the rations, ammunition and other supplies.

reading, writing and arithmetic: generally called the 'Three R's.'

banshees: super-natural beings supposed to wail under the windows of a house where one is about to die.

Knowle: in Kent; the portrait was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

repartees: quick and clever replies. (*vide* the essay "The Artless Art of Repartee" in this book).

The Vicar of Wakefield: a novel written by Goldsmith (*vide* p. 17, ll. 1—19. Also read the piece entitled "The Sharper and his Cosmogony" in this book)?

The Deserted Village: a poem in which Goldsmith prefers agriculture to trade and in which he laments a state of society where "wealth accumulates and men decay" (*vide* p. 19, ll. 6-28).

woolsack: the seat of the Lord Chancellor in the House of Lords. It was originally a wool-sack covered with red cloth, and was intended to remind peers of the importance of the wool-producing industry of England.

episcopal bench: bishop's seat.

Leyden: an important town of Holland, famous for its university and having one of the richest natural history museums in the world.

playing tunes: cf *The Traveller* ll. 243-250.

How often have I led thy sportive choir

With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire!

And haps, though my harsh touch faltering still,

But mocked all tune; and marr'd the dancer's skill

Yet would the village praise my wondrous power

And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour.

Padua: in Italy near Venice. It was renowned for its university museum, library and for having the oldest botanical garden in Europe.

merry-Andrews: clowns; buffoons.

Johnson: the greatest Englishman of letters of his age (1709-1784). Though he has some good poems to his credit, he is essentially a prose writer and a literary critic.

Reynolds: Sir Joshua Reynolds (1723-1792), the greatest English painter of his time.

Burke: Edmund Burke (1729-1797), the greatest orator of the day.

The Literary Club: formed in 1764 on the suggestion of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

three great countries: Italy, Switzerland and France.
conclusion . . . own minds: vide ll. 429-432 of *The Traveller*.

How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!
Still to ourselves in every place consigned,
Our own felicity we make or find.

Also vide ll. 423-424 of *The Traveller*.

Vain, very vain my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind.

Moses and his spectacles . . . with his Fudge:
Vide-chapters xii, ii, xiv, vii, vii, ix, xi and xi respectively
for the eight incidents mentioned in this passage of *The
Vicar of Wakefield*. (Also read the piece entitled "The
Sharper and his Cosmogony" in this book).

cosmogony: an account of the creation of the world.

The Good-natured Man: the first comedy written
by Goldsmith.

Garrick: David Garrick (1717-1779), the greatest
English actor of his time.

Auburn: vide ll. 1-2. of *The Deserted Village*.

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain;
Where health and plenty cheered the labouring swain.

emigrate: vide ll. 49-50 of *The Deserted Village*.
And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

She Stoops to Conquer: the second comedy by
Goldsmith.

the Sentimental Comedy: the Sentimental or Genteel comedy 'had for its object not so much the satire of vice as the glorification of virtue.' Goldsmith asks the question in this connection, "which deserves the preference,—the weeping sentimental comedy so much in fashion at present, or the laughing and even low comedy which seems to have been last exhibited by Vanbrough and Cibber?" He expresses his own views as follows, "as tragedy displays the calamities of the great, so comedy should excite our laughter by ridiculously exhibiting the follies of the lower part of mankind..... Yet, under the name of sentimental comedy, the virtues of private life are exhibited rather than the vices exposed.... In these plays almost all the characters are good and exceedingly generous; they are lavish enough of their tin money on the stage; and though they want humour, have abundance of sentiment and feeling. If they happen to have faults or foibles, the spectator is taught, not only to pardon, but to applaud them, in consideration of the goodness of their hearts; so that folly, instead of being ridiculed, is commended, and the comedy aims at touching our passions without the power of being truly pathetic."

pit, boxes laughter: This scene is beautifully described in the following epigram:

At Dr. Goldsmith's merry play
All the spectators laugh, they say!
The assertion, sir I must deny,
For Cumberland and Kelly cry.

Kelly: Hugh Kelly (1739-1777) author of the sentimental comedy, *False Delicacy*.

Cumberland: Richard Cumberland (1732-1811) author of the sentimental comedies, *The West Indian* and *The Brothers*. Goldsmith in his *Retaliation* ironically describes him as:

"The Terence of England, the mender of hearts;
A flattering painter who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.

bulks: stalls in front of shops; projecting portions of buildings.

four talkers: Austin Dobson very aptly describes their characteristics: "the trained dialectics and inexhaustible memory of Johnson,.....the mental affluence and brilliant rhetoric of Burke,.....the easy *savoir vivre* (to know how to live) of Beauclerk, the wit and mercurial alertness of Garrick."

Beauclerk: Topham Beauclerk (1739-1780) a gentleman with very refined manners.

Horace Walpole: a famous letter writer (1717-97). "His letters are remarkable for their charm and their autobiographical, social and political interest. And it is on these that his literary reputation principally rests."

Noll Poll: the mock-epitaph written by Garrick; when Goldsmith was late for the club dinner, is:

Here lies Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll,
Who wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll.

Chamier: Anthony Chamier (1725-80) was a stockbroker who ultimately became an Under-Secretary of State in 1775.

Boswell: James Boswell (1740-1795) is famous for his *Life of Johnson*.

JOHN BULL

WASHINGTON IRVING (1783-1859) is a very popular American essayist, historian and novelist: His powers of description and observation, his sense of genial humour and his pleasant style easily place him in the front rank of American writers. His best known works are *The*

Sketch Book (from which this essay is taken), *Bracebridge Hall*, *Life of Washington* and *Tales of a Traveller*.

As a nickname for the English people 'John Bull' is a phrase known all the world over. What Irving does in the present essay is to analyse and portray with humour, sympathy and understanding, the various elements of the character of the typical Englishman at home and abroad. His plain, downright, matter-of-fact nature, his fighting qualities, his conservatism, his domestic life and family mansion are described with a wealth of detail and illustration which make this essay one of the most valuable studies of the Englishman's personal and national characteristics. The student is advised to read another essay entitled 'English Traits' by R. W. Emerson which is equally searching and sympathetic.

John Bull: 'a humorous impersonation of the English people, conceived of as well-fed, good-natured, honest-hearted, justice-loving and plain-spoken.'

beau ideal: model or highest type of excellence.

Bow Bells: 'the bells of the church of St. Maryle-Bow in Cheapside, supposed to be heard all over the city of London. "Born within sound of Bow Bells" is a synonym for a Cockney (Londoner).'

'the fancy': 'the prize-ring.'

brought upon the parish: compelled to go to the workhouse.

beef-eaters: well-fed menial servants. The term is now applied to 'the Yeomen of the Royal Guard.'

overturn: revolution.

field-preacher: 'a Non-Conformist minister who holds open air meetings.'

corporation: the abdomen or belly, especially when bulging out. Cf. Smollett: 'Sirrah! my corporation is made up of good wholesome English fat.'

quarter-staff: a long, stout staff formerly common as a weapon, so called because wielded with one hand in the middle and the other between the middle and the end.

WHAT IS POETRY?

E. A. GREENING LAMBORN (1877-) a scholar, critic and educationist is widely known for his book entitled *The Rudiments of Criticism* in which the present essay on 'What is poetry?' appears. Being himself a headmaster in an Oxford school he has practical experience of the methods of expounding an abstruse literary topic with clarity and lucidity. Some of the most distinguished English poets and critics have attempted an exposition of the true nature and appeal of poetry. Mr. E. A. Greening Lamborn deals with the subject in the present essay with singular ease and understanding keeping the requirements of his youthful readers constantly in view and supporting his points with numerous, well-chosen illustrations and citations.

Samuel Butler: There have been two Samuel Butlers, both famous satirists. One is called 'Hudibras' Butler (1612-80) for he wrote *Hudibras*, a satire in octosyllabic couplets in which the 'hypocrisy and self-seeking' of the Presbyterians and Independents are held to ridicule. The other is called 'Erewhon' Butler (1835-1902) for his being the author of *Erewhon*, 'a satirical romance in which hypocrisy, compromise and mental torpor are attacked.' The reference here is to the latter, i.e., 'Erewhon' Butler.

Shakespeare: William Shakespeare (1564-1616) is the greatest poet and dramatist of England, and one of the greatest of the world.

Plato: a disciple of Socrates and a great Greek philosopher (428-347 B.C.).

Mr. Hardy: Thomas Hardy (1840-1928), a versatile genius, renowned for his lyrics, novels and dramas.

Keats: John Keats (1795-1821) is the poet and prophet of beauty. He is a pure artist and one of the greatest poets of his time.

There is a budding . . . midnight?: *Sonnet to Homer*,

I. II.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton: a famous modern critic, poet, essayist and novelist (1874-).

Matthew Arnold: (1822-88) an eminent 19th century poet, scholar and literary critic.

Egdon Heath: the scene of Thomas Hardy's novel, *The Return of the Native*.

Sinister Street: a novel written by Compton Mackenzie (1883-) and published in two volumes in 1914.

Lear's daughters: Goneril, Regan and Cordelia in Shakespeare's tragedy, *King Lear*.

Dingley Dell: the home of the hospitable Mr. Wardle in Dickens' *Pickwick Papers*.

Forest of Arden: in Warwickshire, the scene of the greater part of Shakespeare's *As You Like It*.

Are melted . . . thin air: From Shakespeare's *The Tempest* Act IV, sc. i. l. 150.

We needs . . . see it: Tennyson's *Guinevere*, l. 657.

What . . . me: The reference is to the dying words of Nero, Roman emperor (54-68 A.D.) notorious for his tyranny and callousness. He is said to have fiddled while Rome burnt under his orders. He committed suicide and his last words were 'Qualis artifex pereo!' (What an artist dies with me!)

Voltaire: a famous French writer of satires and lampoons (1694-1778).

Cicero: a reputed orator, statesman and critic (100-43 B.C.).

Eliza Cook: a poet, though not of the first order (1818-89).

Cowper: William Cowper (1731-1800), a popular English poet.

Feuilleton: In French and other newspapers, the part of one or more pages (usually at the bottom) appropriate to light literature, criticism etc.; an article or work printed in that part.

Lord Falkland: (1610?-1643) a Royalist who fell at Newbury, 1643, fighting for the king. Clarendon's eulogy of his character is well-known.

THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON.

SAMUEL PEPYS (1633-1703) is remembered chiefly for his *Diary*, a most valuable document for understanding the history of seventeenth-century England, painting as it does men and manners both in official and non-official circles. The 'worthy, sensible, indispensable and at the same time dull, prosaic and narrow-minded' Pepys himself is revealed in the pages of the *Diary* with refreshing candour and truth.

The description of the Fire of London given here is a good example of Pepys' manner as a diarist. The detailed record of how and when the fire arose, how it spread to various quarters of London, the loss of life and property that it caused and the consternation in the minds of Londoners of all classes of society, brings to the reader's mind a graphic picture of the terrible disaster. Pepys' *Diary* covers the period from January 1, 1660 to May 31, 1669.

Lords day: Sunday.

Tower: Tower of London, a strong fortress.

Lord Mayor: The head of the London municipal corporation.

Paul's: the world famous St. Paul's Cathedral.

Mr. Honblon: James Honblon (d. 1700), brother of Sir John Honblon (d. 1722), first Governor of the Bank of England.

Creed: John Creed, deputy-treasurer of the fleet.

Lady Batten: Wife of Sir William Batten (d. 1667), an admiral.

Sir W. Penn: Sir William Penn (1621-1670) admiral and general at sea.

Parmazan Cheese: cheese made in Parma (Northern Italy). The modern spelling of the word is 'parmesan'.

Sir W. Coventry: Sir William Coventry (1628-1686), politician and commissioner of the navy. He was a friend of Samuel Pepys.

THE GOLDEN DOOM

LORD DUNSANY (1878—) is a famous Irish dramatist and story writer. He first attracted attention with his play *The Glittering Gate* produced in Dublin in 1909. His tales and plays are noted for richly-coloured language and clever handling of plot. Among his best known stories are *Tales of Three Hemispheres*, *Unhappy Far-off Things* and *The Book of Wonder*; his plays include, *The Laughter of the Gods*, *The Lost Silk Hat*, *The Gods of the Mountain* and *The Tents of the Arabs*.

'It is the strange East of Lord Dunsany's inventing which lends colour to the *Golden Doom* in which, as in all he does, a highly individual artist is at work.'

This play shows, in a humorous manner, the curious results which belief in astrology sometimes leads to.

Babylon: one of the most ancient and magnificent cities of Asia. It stood on the Euphrates, about sixty miles south of Bagdad. It rose to great eminence and its gigantic walls and hanging gardens were classed among the seven wonders of the world. Its fall began about the 6th century B.C.

Zerlcon: name of a city.

Gyshon: name of a river.

bash: coined name of eatable tobacco.

dahoorl: coined name of a game.

In reply to the editor's letter enquiring about the meaning of certain expressions, Lord Dunsany makes the following interesting observation:

"All my plays that are of Oriental atmosphere, an atmosphere that has always had an intense appeal to me, are made not with the aid of history or geography, but by invention. Usually they touch no part of the known earth. And yet, so long as I make a fairly good play, I trouble little about that. I find it quicker to invent the name of a game, and the name of a weed for smoking than to seek for these things in books."

Thessaly: a fertile district of Greece.

abasing: lowering; humiliating.

loq: abbreviation of *loquitur*, which means *speaks*.

Larlmonas Areplonar: Arabicized words intended to act as charms.

OF REVENGE

FRANCIS BACON (1561-1626) was not only a Lord Chancellor of England but one of the earliest and most dis-

tinguished exponents of the principles of natural philosophy and the art of essay writing. An acute and original thinker himself, he wrote several volumes in English and Latin on the methods and principles of scientific inquiry and made a comprehensive survey of the philosophical ideas of his time in books like his *Treatise on the Advancement of Learning* and *Novum Organum*.

His essays remain unsurpassed to this day for their epigrammatic qualities and the power of putting the maximum of matter in the minimum of space.

This essay on revenge is a typical example of his method. The very first sentence 'Revenge is a kind of wild justice' goes to the root of the matter and the rest of the essay is packed with ideas that sum up almost everything that can be said on the subject. 'Bacon' says Hallam 'might have been more emphatically the high priest of nature, had he not been Lord Chancellor of England.'

the more . . . it out: 'for which reason the Roman Law enacted double penalty for a thief caught red-handed.'

Solomon: king of Israel from 1015 to 977 B.C., reputed for his wisdom.

It is . . . an offence: *Proverbs* (the Holy Bible) xix. 11.

Cosmus: Cosmo de Medici (1519-1574), Duke of Florence.

Job: the hero of the book bearing his name in the Holy Bible. The Book of Job allegorically attempts to solve the problem of undeserved suffering. In Carlyle's words it is "one of the grandest things ever written with pen; grand in its sincerity, in its simplicity, in its epic melody and repose of reconciliation."

Shall we . . . evil also? *Job*. II. 10.

Caesar: Julius Caesar (100-44 B.C.) Consul of Rome, and one of the greatest men of antiquity. He was assassinated on the Ides (the 15th) of March 44 B.C. His death was avenged by Marc Antony and Augustus at the battle of Philippi 42 B.C. It is said that not one of his murderers died a natural death.

Pertinax: Helius Pertinax (126-193) Emperor of Rome. He was killed by the Prætorian Guards less than three months after ascending the throne. Septimius Severus, who built the famous Roman wall avenged his death and succeeded him as emperor.

Henry III: King of France (1551-1589). He was murdered by Jacques Clement, a Dominican friar in 1589. The revenge was taken by his successor, Henry of Navarre.

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS

JOSEPH ADDISON (1672-1719) is 'one of the most charming of English prose-writers, and one of the wisest and most kindly of social reformers.' He frequently contributed to *The Tatler* and *The Spectator* and in these periodicals his chaste English is at its best. Dr. Johnson says, 'whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison.'

In this essay on popular superstitions he introduces the subject in his characteristically familiar manner, giving instance of superstitious beliefs within his own knowledge and concludes with some very wise moral considerations about the beneficent purposes of Providence.

go into join-hand: to join letters together in writing.

childermas-day: Holy Innocents' Day which falls on December 28. A feast is held on this day to commemorate

the slaughter at Bethlehem by Herod of all children of two years old and under. The day of the week on which this festival falls is considered unlucky throughout the ensuing year.

reach her a little salt etc.: 'this is interesting as illustrating the manners of the day, and the changing nature of superstitions. The superstitions of today would not allow themselves to be helped to salt, nor would they let their children begin anything on Friday.'

child: is no longer used as a term of affection between grown-up people.

the battle of Almanza: Fought in 1707, resulting in the defeat of the British and their allies (the Dutch and the Germans) by the French and Spanish forces.

Sibyls: "prophetesses, so called from the wise women who in the legends of antiquity acted as the oracular mouth-pieces of various gods, *e.g.*, the Sibyl of Cumæ whom Tarquinus Superbus consulted."

death-watches: insects which make noise like the ticking of a watch are supposed by the superstitious people to portend death.

impertinent: not pertinent; not to the point.

THE CONVALESCENT

CHARLES LAMB (1775-1834) is one of 'the best beloved' of English writers. His style is not only charming but almost inimitable. He is a master of humour and pathos and is an eminent literary critic. 'He has a power,' says Professor Saintsbury, 'which is almost unique in literature, of attracting by his writings a sort of personal affec-

tion. Happy is the student who comes to know and love Lamb early: he will seldom go wrong in literary matters afterwards.' His chief works are the ever-delightful *Essays of Elia* and his very popular *Tales from Shakespeare* (written in Collaboration with his sister, Mary).

The present piece is a specimen not only of Lamb's highly individual, free, easy and genial manner but also of the essay as a distinct form of prose.

changes sides: notice the pun which gives two meanings to this expression: (1) shift his position in bed and (2) go over from his party to the opponent's.

tergiversation: the act of turning one's back on, i.e., deserting one's party or cause.

Mare Clausum: "closed sea" i.e., that part of the sea which is regarded as belonging to the adjoining country. The Dardenelles are the only Mare Clausum now recognized; and this is by treaty.

Two Tables of the Law: the two tables (tablets) of stone given by God to Moses at Mount Sinai and having on them the laws of God written by His finger. *vide, Exodus xxxi, 18.*

his bowels . . . within him: a Biblical expression for deep pity or strong affection.

douceur: fee. The doctor was, in those times, paid his fee at each visit.

Lernean pangs: deadly pains. The venomous nine-headed water snake who lived on the Lernean marshes was killed by Hercules who dipped his arrows in the snake's poison and gave these to his armour-bearer, Philoctetes, who accidentally trod on one of these arrows and felt a deadly pain in his foot.

Philoctetes: See note above.

What a speck into: About this line C. B. Wheeler says, "I have been unable to trace this quotation." Probably it is an adaptation of Tom Brown's Honour and arms is now almost dwindled into an airy nothing."

terra-ferma: firm ground.

In Articulo Mortis: at the point of death.

hypochondriac flatus: 'a feeling of distention in the region of the stomach.' The hypochondria are the spaces on each side of the epigastric region; when they are diseased the patient generally suffers from great depression and morbid hallucinations; hence the term hypochondriac is often used to mean "of a melancholy disposition."

Tityus: a giant whose body covered nine acres of land. He was thrown by Apollo into Tartarus 'where a vulture fed on his liver, which grew again as fast as it was devoured.'

A PLEA FOR GAS LAMPS

R. L. STEVENSON (1850-94) is one of the most widely read prose stylists of the 19th century. From his childhood he read and imitated the manner of the masters of English prose, 'playing the sedulous ape,' as he himself puts it, to Hazlitt, Lamb, Wordsworth, Sir Thomas Browne and others. Ultimately he acquired a style which for its charm and pictorial qualities as well as a highly individual and non-conventional manner of looking at things, has rarely been equalled. His chief works are the wonderful romances, *Treasure Island*, *Kidnapped*, *The Master of Ballantrae* and a remarkable collection of essays entitled *Virginibus Puerisque*.

In 'A Plea for Gas-Lamps' also he leaves the common rut of ideas in favour of electric light and, in his fresh and original manner, puts forward the case for gas lamps.

burgess-warren: 'burgess' means a citizen of a borough and 'warren' means the place where rabbits breed. Hence the compound word *burgess-warren* signifies a thickly populated city.

a cresset: 'a fire-basket.'

Pharos: lighthouse, so called because it was on the Pharos island, near Alexandria in Egypt, that the first lighthouse was erected by Ptolemy Philadelphus in 48 B.C.

cockcomb: 'originally the comb or crest of a cock, come to be a ludicrous term for a head.'

mirk: "or murk, 'darkness'; the noun is now chiefly found in Scotch, though the adjective murky is common in English."

Prometheus: stole fire from heaven and gave it to human beings. For this 'beneficent-theft' he was doomed to torture by Zeus.

Jupiter: or Zeus, the chief god of the Greeks.

apotheosis: the action of ranking among the gods; deification. All primitive people thought that as soon as the work of their hero was over he would be placed amongst the gods.

from the Alexandra to the Crystal Palace: the former (a palace named after Queen Alexandra) is at Muswell Hill on the north of London, the latter (a beautiful structure of glass and iron) at Sydenham or the south; the distance between them as the crow flies is about twelve miles.

Fiat Lux: Let there be Light. *Genesis* i. 3.

Hampstead Hill: or Heath, is on the north-west of London, and commands a delightful view of London.

the experiment in Pall Mall: 'In September 1881 the junior Carlton Club in Pall Mall (a famous street of

London) was first lighted by an electric accumulator; this perhaps is the experiment referred to.

'Thirlmere': the lake (in Cumberland) from which Manchester now derives its supply of water.

Rue Drouot: a street in Paris.

Figaro: a satirical newspaper of Paris.

urban star: arc lamp.

'fishing the profound heaven': 'among researches in electricity which Benjamin Franklin began in 1746 was the sending up of kites to draw down electricity in the atmosphere.'

levin: lightning.

the Terror that Flieth: *vide* Psalm xci. 5. 'Thou shall not be afraid for the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day.'

THE ARTLESS ART OF REPARTEE

SIR EDWARD SULLIVAN (1852-), a distinguished scholar and a charming story-teller, combines in himself the gift of a humorist and the polish and elegance that fit the son of a Lord Chancellor. He had a brilliant career at Trinity College, Dublin; and although he studied law, he showed more interest in literature. His writings on Dante include some of the most critical and comprehensive appreciations of the works of the great Italian poet.

The very title of the present essay strikes the keynote of the subject matter, artlessness being the very essence of the art of repartee. The numerous repartees which Sir Edward quotes to illustrate his points are singularly apt, smart and delightful and a good deal of care, discrimination and judgment must have been exercised in their selection.

Prince Regent: the eldest son of George III whom he succeeded as George IV (1762-1830).

Jack Towers: John Towers (1747-1804), an independent preacher.

Waller: Edmund Waller (1606-1687), a famous English poet.

Lord Protector: Oliver Cromwell (1599-1658).

Restoration: 1660, when the crown of England was restored to an English King, Charles II.

Charles the Second: king of England from 1660 to 1685.

Provost Goodall: Joseph Goodall (1760-1840), Provost of Eton. 'The provostship ranks higher than the head-mastership and has less onerous duties.'

William the Fourth: king of England (1830-1837).

John Philpot Curran: An Irish judge and wit (1750-1817).

Fitzgibbon: John Fitzgibbon (1749-1802), Lord Chancellor of Ireland and an eminent politician.

Douglas Jerrold: author and playwright (1803-1857).

Lord Chief Justice Russell: one of the greatest lawyers of England (1832-1900).

Oswald: an eminent advocate in the reign of Queen Victoria who appointed him Queen's Counsel (Q. C.).

Lord Esher: Viscount Esher (1815-1899), a learned English Judge and privy councillor.

Hibernian: of or belonging to Ireland; an Irishman.

"Jacques" McCarthy: probably the reference is to the poet McCarthy (1817-1882) who is famous for his ballads, lyrics and translations.

John Parsons: bishop of Peterborough and vice-chancellor of Oxford University (1761-1819).

Lord Norbury: Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas in Ireland (1745-1831).

Cardinal Vaughan: Roman Catholic prelate and archbishop of Sydney (1834-1883).

Dr. Adler: Nathan Marcus Adler (1803-1890), chief Rabbi (Jewish doctor of law).

St. Albans: St. Albans Church in Holborn, London, has always been noted for its elaborate ritual.

Father Stanton: a popular and devoted clergyman at St. Albans.

Father James Healy: Roman Catholic divine and humorist (1824-1894).

Lord Justice Barry: an eminent Irish Judge (1813-1880).

The Londonderrys: the Marquis of Londonderry was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland from 1887-1892.

under the mistletoe: At Christmas mistletoe is hung up in kitchens and farm houses and youngmen have the privilege of kissing girls under it.

under the rose: a phrase which means privately; in strict confidence.

a crow to pluck: a dispute to settle.

Balaam: "a Biblical character. He was a magician who was bribed by Balak, king of Moab, to curse Israel. On his way to do this he was stopped by an angel and reproved by his own ass, which was given the gift of speech." (*Numbers xxii*).

patience on a monument: Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, II. iv. l. 115.

monument: a structure erected over the grave in memory of the dead.

Prince Regent: the eldest son of George III whom he succeeded as George IV (1762-1830).

Jack Towers: John Towers (1747-1804), an independent preacher.

Waller: Edmund Waller (1606-1687), a famous English poet.

Lord Protector: Oliver Cromwell (1599-1658).

Restoration: 1660, when the crown of England was restored to an English King, Charles II.

Charles the Second: king of England from 1660 to 1685.

Provost Goodall: Joseph Goodall (1760-1840), Provost of Eton. 'The provostship ranks higher than the head-mastership and has less onerous duties.'

William the Fourth: king of England (1830-1837).

John Philpot Curran: An Irish judge and wit (1750-1817).

Fitzgibbon: John Fitzgibbon (1749-1802), Lord Chancery of Ireland and an eminent politician.

Douglas Jerrold: author and playwright (1803-1857).

Lord Chief Justice Russell: one of the greatest lawyers of England (1832-1900).

Oswald: an eminent advocate in the reign of Queen Victoria who appointed him Queen's Counsel (Q. C.).

Lord Esher: Viscount Esher (1815-1899), a learned English Judge and privy councillor.

Hibernian: of or belonging to Ireland; an Irishman.

"Jacques" McCarthy: probably the reference is to the poet McCarthy (1817-1882) who is famous for his ballads, lyrics and translations.

John Parsons: bishop of Peterborough and vice-chancellor of Oxford University (1761-1819).

Lord Norbury: Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas in Ireland (1745-1831).

Cardinal Vaughan: Roman Catholic prelate and archbishop of Sydney (1834-1883).

Dr. Adler: Nathan Marcus Adler (1803-1890), chief Rabbi (Jewish doctor of law).

St. Albans: St. Albans Church in Holborn, London, has always been noted for its elaborate ritual.

Father Stanton: a popular and devoted clergyman at St. Albans.

Father James Healy: Roman Catholic divine and humorist (1824-1894).

Lord Justice Barry: an eminent Irish Judge (1813-1880).

The Londonderrys: the Marquis of Londonderry was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland from 1887-1892.

under the mistletoe: At Christmas mistletoe is hung up in kitchens and farm houses and youngmen have the privilege of kissing girls under it.

under the rose: a phrase which means privately; in strict confidence.

a crow to pluck: a dispute to settle.

Balaam: "a Biblical character. He was a magician who was bribed by Balak, king of Moab, to curse Israel. On his way to do this he was stopped by an angel and reproved by his own ass, which was given the gift of speech." (*Numbers xxii*).

patience on a monument: Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*,

II. iv. l. 115.

monument: a structure erected over the grave in memory of the dead.

Sir James Knowles: founder and editor of *The Nineteenth Century* (1831-1908).

ON SAYING "PLEASE"

A. G. GARDINER (1865-) who also writes under the pen name, 'Alpha of the Plough,' is one of the most brilliant of modern English journalists. He was for seventeen years, the editor of the *Daily News* and has written on all sorts of subjects: literary, social and political. He has given some illuminating character-sketches of prominent people of our times in books like *Prophets, Priests, and Kings, Certain People of Importance and Pillars of Society*. He commands a fluent and persuasive style enlivened by touches of quiet humour and a rare understanding of men and affairs.

This piece is a good example of his manner as a writer on light subjects of every-day interest. Saying 'please' is a trivial matter by itself but Gardiner weaves round it an essay full of sound moral reflections on the conduct of life and the spiritual victory that a polite man gains over the discourteous.

"Top": Top floor. The passenger wished to go to the top floor of the office.

Sir Anthony Absolute, Captain Absolute and Fag: These are characters in Sheridan's *The Rivals*. Sir Anthony is the father of Captain Absolute and Fag the servant of the Captain. The bullying referred to here takes place in Act. II, Sc. I.

Decalogue: The Ten Commandments given by God to Moses (*Exodus* xx. 8) on Mount Sinai, originally written on two tables of stone.

Bank: a famous business quarter in London.

Keats: see note on p. 243.

the poor, leech-gatherer "on the lonely moor"

Wordsworth's *Resolution and Independence*, l. 140.

Chesterfield: English statesman, orator and man of letters (1694-1773).

LETTER TO HIS SON

THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD (1694-1773), an aristocratic English gentleman at every point, ambassador at the Hague, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland and one of the two secretaries of state, was a familiar figure in the most exclusive social circles of his day. He is still remembered for his *Letters* to his son, Philip Stanhope. In these letters he directed the young man not only with regard to the course of his classical and political studies but also in connection with those rules of good manners and courtly deportment which had contributed to his own success in life.

The present letter is a typical specimen. It reflects not only Lord Chesterfield's practical, worldly-wise attitude towards life but also his constant anxiety that his son should thoroughly imbibe the culture and manners of the eighteenth century.

My dear Friend: the son, Philip Stanhope, is addressed in the letters as *boy* when he was young and as *friend* when he was grown-up.

O.S.: Old style i.e. the year 1751 is according to the old i.e. Julian Calendar. The abbreviation N. S. (new style) is used when dates are mentioned according to the Gregorian calendar. The O.S. is occasionally called the English style while the N. S. stands for the Roman style. See notes on Julian and Gregorian Calendars below.

The Julian and the Gregorian Calendars: The Julian Calendar assumed that the tropical year consisted of $365\frac{1}{4}$ days. To give the average calendar year this length, it was provided that the normal year should contain 365 days, but every fourth year 366 days. In England the beginning of the legal year was March 25. Pope Gregory XIII sought to remedy the defects in the Julian calendar. In England, and Scotland the Gregorian calendar was established by an Act in 1751 which provided that the year 1752 and all future years should begin on January 1 instead of March 25, that the day after Sept. 2, 1752 should be reckoned as Sept. 14, 1752 and that a reformed rule for leap years should be followed.

Celtic: languages like Welsh, Irish and Gaelic, spoken by the peoples of Western Europe.

Slavonian: Slavonian, the language of the Slavs who are spread over most of Eastern Europe.

Egyptian Calendar: 'the year of the ancient Egyptians was based on the changes of the seasons alone, without reference to the lunar month, and contained 365 days divided into twelve months of thirty days each, with five supplementary days at the end of the year.'

Lord Macclesfield: George Parker, second Earl of Macclesfield (1697-1764) was an eminent astronomer and President of the Royal Society. He erected a fine observatory at Shirburn Castle, Oxfordshire, in 1739 and was mainly instrumental in procuring the change of style in the computation of current chronology in 1752.

Marcel: name of a Paris hairdresser.

Aristotle: a reputed Greek philosopher (384-322 B.C.) and one of the greatest thinkers of the world. He has exercised a great influence on European thought and has been rightly called 'the master of those who know.'

Lord Bolingbroke: Henry St. John (1678-1751) first Viscount Bolingbroke; statesman, writer and orator.

Prenez l'eclat et le brillant d'un galant homme: the splendour and brilliance of a gentleman.

Abbe Nolet: probably the name of his tutor.

Commis: deputy clerk.

Lord Albemarle: George Keppel, third Earl (1724-1772) of Albemarle, an important officer of the British Army.

un gout vif: a keen (lively) taste.

Iphigenia: daughter of Agamemnon who having killed a favourite deer of Artemis offended the goddess. As a punishment he was to sacrifice the first person whom he saw. This unfortunately happened to be Iphigenia. When Agamemnon was preparing to kill his daughter, the goddess descended in a cloud and carried away the girl to Taurus where she was made a priestess in her temple.

THE SHARPER AND HIS COSMOGONY

OLIVER GOLDSMITH (1728-1774) is one of the most popular writers of the eighteenth century. In the words of Dr. Johnson he 'left scarcely any style of writing untouched, and touched nothing that he did not adorn'. Of his works the *Deserted Village* and the *Traveller* are two of the most instructive poems of his time; *The Vicar of Wakefield* is a novel which became popular not only in England but all over Europe; the *Good-natured Man* and *She Stoops to Conquer* are two comedies which have made a landmark in the history of the English drama.

This piece forms part of chapter XIV of *The Vicar of Wakefield*, and the title has been taken from Macaulay's

Life of Goldsmith (vide p. 17, l. 7) of this book. It gives a vivid picture of the methods of swindlers who impose upon simple folk with their plausible stories. Incidentally, it also shows that though Goldsmith 'talked like poor Poll' he had a very shrewd grasp of character and displayed an angelic purity and simplicity of style as a writer.

Cosmogony: a theory or an account of the creation of the universe.

Mr. Thornhill: Squire Thornhill, an unprincipled ruffian who seduces Olivia (the Vicar's eldest daughter), after a mock ceremony of marriage, and deserts her.

remaining horse: one horse had already been foolishly sold off by the simpleton Moses, the second son of the Vicar (Dr. Primrose) in exchange for a gross of green spectacles.

spavin: a hard bony tumour formed in a horse's leg.

windgall: a soft tumour on either side of the horse's leg just above the fetlock.

botts: a disease caused by the larvae of botfly which inhabit the digestive organs of a horse.

Dr. Primrose: the hero of *The Vicar of Wakefield*. He is a kindly vicar but devoid of worldly wisdom.

Sanchoniathon.....Lucanus: "these were respectively a Phoenician, an Egyptian, a Chaldean and a Greek; the first three ancient historians, the fourth a philosopher. Only a few fragments have come down to us from these writers."

Nebuchadon-Asser: better spelt as *Nebuchadnezzar*, a king of Babylon, celebrated as the conqueror of Judah.

• THE PICKWICKIANS ON THE ICE

CHARLES DICKENS (1812-1870) was one of the greatest and most popular novelists of the 19th century. He

championed the cause of the poor and the oppressed and in his novels he had generally a social purpose in view. His style is characterised by a keen sense of humour, a wonderful power of graphic description and a vital grasp of character. His principal works are *David Copperfield*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, *Oliver Twist* and *Nicholas Nickleby*.

The *Pickwick Papers* from which the present piece is taken appeared for the first time in volume form in 1837. Dickens originally wrote the papers merely to amuse his readers but under his hands they gradually acquired a greater value and were instrumental in bringing about much needed reforms in the law relating to imprisonment for debt. The *Pickwick Papers* is, in fact, a masterpiece, popular throughout the English-speaking world and a valuable contribution to the realms both of English humour and English fiction.

The present piece gives a delightful account of some of the skating adventures of the estimable members of the Pickwick Club.

Wardle: an old well-to-do farmer, who had attended some meetings of "The Pickwick Club" and who felt a liking for Mr. Pickwick and his three friends (Tupman, Snodgrass and Winkle) whom he occasionally entertained at his home, Manor Farm, Dingley Dell. He is said to be 'hospitality personified.'

Benjamin Allen: a medical student and the friend of Bob Sawyer to whom he wished to marry his sister, Arabella.

Bob Sawyer: a medical student who sets up in practice at Bristol and acts as Mr. Pickwick's host.

Winkle: a member of the Pickwick Club. He was supposed to be good at sports but he really knew nothing about them, and thus he often got into difficulties which provided great amusement.

Arabella: sister of Benjamin Allen and afterwards married to Mr. Winkle.

Trundle: the youngman who marries Mr. Wardle's daughter, Isabella.

fat boy: Joe, who divided his time between sleeping and eating, but contrived to see more than he was meant to see.

Weller: Sam Weller, a devoted seryant of Mr. Pickwick, and the greatest character that Dickens ever drew. 'He is a cheerful, facetious and resourceful character, with an endless store of humorous illustrations apposite to the various incidents of life.'

Mr. Tupman: a member of the Pickwick Club who falls in love with every pretty-girl he meets, and is consequently always getting into rouble.

Mr. Pickwick: the founder of the famous Pickwick Club and an embodiment of innocence and benevolence.

Mr. Snodgrass: a poet and a member of the Pickwick Club.

Emily: Mr. Wardle's daughter who marries Mr. Snodgrass.

Manor Farm: the house of Mr. Wardle in Dingley Dell. See note on Mr. Wardle above.

ARABIAN NIGHTS FOR TURGIS

J. B. PRIESTLEY (1894-), novelist, critic and radio commentator, is one of the most prolific and versatile of modern English writers. Although he continues the tradition of Dickens and Thackeray there is something definitely more in his novels—a certain new form in the best style, a sort of massiveness which belongs to the great books.

of the past. Among his best known work are *The Good Companions*, *Angel Pavement*, *Adam in Moonshine*, *Far away*, *Benighted* and a biography of George Meredith.

The present extract is a chapter from *Angel Pavement*, one of the most notable successes in the field of fiction in recent years. Although *Angel Pavement* is entirely an imaginary name, the description of the people and places is wonderfully realistic. The book gives interesting glimpses into the condition of life in London offices and the mind, and manners of London clerks and businessmen. It is a good specimen of the kind of fiction, rich in descriptive detail and psychological analysis, which is in vogue nowadays.

Cain: the eldest son of Adam and Eve. Jealousy at the acceptance of Abel's offering and the rejection of his own led him to slay his brother Abel.

raising Cain: to fly in bad temper. Cf. Carlyle: "Thy's must to be in the temper of ancient Cain."

Stanley: an office-boy in the office of Twigg and Dersingham.

Angel Pavement: name coined by Priestley for an imaginary street in London. The author himself says, "Though I was once in an office myself for a time, there is no autobiographical element in *Angel Pavement*. I have never lived or worked in the city of London, and actually know very little about it. I have never spent even a morning in any street remotely resembling Angel Pavement. (It is no use looking for it, by the way. It merely achieves an exact topographical position, as some well-informed readers have noticed, but nevertheless it does not exist.)"

Lulu Castellar: a name coined for a filmstar.

Legation: the official residence of a diplomatic minister.

IRISH MISERY

JONATHAN SWIFT (1667-1745) was one of the most brilliant satirists of the eighteenth century and a power to reckon with an English political life during the reign of Queen Anne. 'A genius, a hater of rascality, a master of irony and invective and a true Irish patriot,' Swift mercilessly criticised the evils in the social and religious life of his times as well as the injustice of the Government's policy in the matter of taxation in Ireland. His best known works are *The Tale of a Tub*, *Drapier's Letters*, and *Gulliver's Travels* the last of which, though primarily a satire on courts and statesmen, has survived its local colour and temporary purpose as one of the most delightful tales of adventure.

The present piece contains an account of the real causes of Ireland's miserable plight in Swift's highly sarcastic manner.

Cork: Seaport and the capital of the county of Cork and the Province of Munster in Ireland.

Glastonbury: a borough of England, in the county of Somerset.

Lapland: district of Europe in the extreme north. "It is in Sweden, Norway and Finland. It is a thinly peopled land of forests and morasses owing its name to the Lapps, a race short in stature with high cheek bones and snub noses. They are nomads and like hunting and fishing. They number about 30,000 in Europe and there is a colony of them in Alaska."

Nostra miseria magna est: our misery is great.

Isle of Man: Island off the N. W. coast of Great Britain. It is a popular pleasure resort and lies about an equal distance from England, Scotland and Ireland. In

1406 this island was granted to an Irish officer Sir John Stanley (1350?-1414) by King Henry IV of England. The Stanleys were the Lords of Man till 1736, when their male line became extinct and the island was given to a Scottish lord, the Duke of Atholl. In 1765 England acquired sovereign rights over the island.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE THREE STUDENTS

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE (1859-1930) won immense and world-wide popularity as a writer of short detective stories with a distinctive technique. His best known works are *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*, *The Return of Sherlock Holmes*, *The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes* and *The Hound of the Baskervilles*. But he himself had much enthusiasm for his historical romances which he regarded as his best work. Of these the best known is *The White Company* over the composition of which he spent two years of hard work and consulted more than two hundred books. A medical man by profession, he took a keen interest in medicine which is reflected in many of his stories.

'The Adventure of the Three Students' is a good example of his art as a story writer. The incidents are related with ease and skill, the atmosphere is true and graphic to the minutest detail, the elements of mystery and suspense are sustained throughout.

Sherlock Holmes: the famous private detective who prominently figures in a number of works by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*, *The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes* and *The Return of Sherlock Holmes* contain very delightful detective stories.

myse Dr. Watson, a stolid medical man, is a companion of Sherlock Holmes and his chronicler. His stupidity, which is grossly humoured by his brilliant leader, serves as a foil to set off the qualities of the latter.

the Fortescue Scholarship: probably founded in honour of James Fortescue (1716-1777), a poetical writer and fellow of Exeter College, Oxford.

Thucydides: a famous Greek historian (460-399 B.C.)

lichen: one of a class of small cryptogamic plants, often of a green, grey or yellow tint, which grow on the surface of rocks, trees, etc.

Gothic: 'the style of architecture prevalent in Western Europe from the 12th to the 15th-century of which the chief characteristic is the pointed arch.'

Rugby: there are two leading forms of the game of football, one played with a round ball and called the *Association* and the other played with an elliptical ball and called *Rugby* (after the name of the famous public school of England where it was first started).

Blue: to win his blue or to be a Blue means to be chosen to represent his school, college or university in cricket, hockey, football etc.

Turf: horse-racing, because of the grassy track or course over which horses are run.

silhouette: a dark outline, a shadow in profile, thrown up against a lighter background.

By Jove: an oath in the name of Jove (Jupiter) used in colloquial language.

Rhodesian: pertaining to Rhodesia, a territory or the British in South Africa.

THE VICTORY

RABINDRANATH TAGORE was one of the best known and the most versatile world personalities of our times. His *Gitanjali* translated into English prose made him world-famous and won for him the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1913. He enriched almost every branch of literature, poetry, drama, fiction and was a deep and original thinker who interpreted the soul of the East to the West in memorable language. Notable among his numerous volumes are *Gitanjali*, *Chitra*, *Gardener*, *Crescent Moon*, *Fruit-Gathering*, *Hungry Stones and Other Stories*, *Post Office*, *King of the Dark Chamber*, *Sacrifice*, *Gora*, *The Home and the World*, *Nationalism*, *Sadhana*, *Personality* and a translation of the poems of Kabir, besides a volume of reminiscences.

The present story reveals the sensitive poetical soul of Tagore and reminds us that poetry is not a matter of verbal jugglery but the expression of sincere, heart-felt emotions.

on the sly: in a secret manner; stealthily, without publicity.

Muse: the goddess of song; one of the nine sister goddesses in Greek mythology who were inspirers of the various fine arts like music, poetry and painting.

scimitar: a short, curved, single-edged sword used in oriental countries.

vina: "an Indian musical instrument consisting of a fretted finger-board, to which seven strings fitted with pegs are attached, with a gourd at each end; an Indian lyre."

Vrinda forest: Brindaban (near Muttra) which is a famous place of pilgrimage for the Hindus.

metaphysics: 'that branch of speculation, which deals with the first principles of things.'

THE STOLEN BACILLUS

H. G. Wells (1866-) is one of the most gifted of contemporary writers. His versatility is astonishing and there is hardly a writer today who has written so abundantly and so variously. His books have always a purpose behind them and his novels, stories, historical and miscellaneous writings are the expression of a mind anxious to raise and offer a solution of the social and political problems of the modern world. He has a rare gift of giving a fictional appeal to scientific ideas and his scientific romances are some of his most enduring works. Notable among his writings are *The Time Machine*, *The War of the Worlds*, *Tono-Bungay*, *The Food of the Gods* and his *Outline of the History of the World* which achieved world-wide popularity.

'The Stolen Bacillus' while dealing with the atmosphere of a scientific research laboratory contains some very acute touches of character-painting specially of the bacteriologist and the anarchist.

Bacillus: microscopic vegetable organisms found in diseased tissues in phthisis, cholera, etc.

Bacteriologist: the scientist who studies the habits and movements of bacteria, very tiny organisms (germs) found in decaying liquids and causing many diseases.

atomies: minutest particles.

stained: impregnated with colouring matter for microscopic examination

ethnology: by 'ethnology' Wells simply means 'race' though it is the science of the relations and characteristics of races. The anarchist was probably a Russian, as he was neither Teutonic (Anglo-Saxon, German, Scandinavian) nor Latin (French, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian).

Blue ruin: utter ruin.

Ravochol: French anarchist who in 1893 committed a series of criminal outrages.

Vaillant: another French anarchist in 1893 threw bomb at the deputies.

Vive l'Anarchie: long live Anarchy.

THE FACE ON THE WALL

E. V. LUCAS (1868-). Essayist, story-writer, critic, biographer and journalist, E. V. Lucas is one of the most prolific of modern writers. A regular contributor to the columns of the *Punch* and the *Sunday Times*, he has developed an unusually pleasant and racy style. As a light essayist he has few rivals and he has often been compared to Lamb whose mantle, it appears, has fallen on him in our own times. As Professor Ward puts it, "No one who chances to rub shoulders in the street with E. V. Lucas would be astonished to hear him singing

Charles Lamb's body lies a-mouldering in the grave
But his soul goes marching on"

His works include besides a *Life of Charles Lamb*, *Old Lamps for New*, *The Joy of Life* and *One Day and Another*.

This interesting little story entitled 'The Face on the Wall' is noteworthy not only for the smart ending but also for the undercurrent of keen, almost impish humour that runs throughout.

Dabney's: name of a club

Great Ormond: a street in London.

Holborn: a famous locality in London with a big railway station.

legion: originally a body of infantry in the Roman army ranging in number from 3,000 to 6,000 men; now applied to a very large number of persons or things.

Piccadilly a very fashionable part of London.

Charing Cross a very busy street and railway station in London.

Folkestone a port town on the extreme south-eastern end of England. In going to France from England two routes are important for crossing the English Channel—over to Calais and Folkestone to Boulogne.

Boulogne a port town on the north western coast of France. See note above.

Pittsburg a city in Pennsylvania (U.S.A.).

Spezza to Pisa both are cities in Italy. Pisa is famous for its Leaning Tower which is regarded as one of the wonders of the world.

IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS

EDMUND BURKE (1729-1797). One of the most gifted of the politicians of the eighteenth century, Edmund Burke was also one of the greatest orators of his times. He had an eloquence which seemed to raise and quell the passions of the audience with 'as much ease, and as rapidly, as a skilful musician passes into the various modulations of his harpsichord.' His works include *A Vindication of Natural Society*, an essay on *the Sublime and the Beautiful*, and his *Reflections on the French Revolution*.

His speeches on America and the impeachment of Warren Hastings remain unparalleled in the history of British oratory. This is the concluding portion of his famous speech on the impeachment of Warren Hastings and reflects to this day some of the passion, warmth and depth of conviction with which he spoke on the occasion.

My Lords: members of the House of Lords.

Warren Hastings: appointed in 1773 the first Governor General of India (1732-1818). He was unscrupulous in his methods of raising money and in other ways acted in an arbitrary and perhaps unjust manner. The result was that when in 1784 he resigned and returned to England, there was a loud and insistent demand for his impeachment. The trial of Hastings before the House of Lords in Westminster Hall, aroused great interest at the time and has not ceased to be a subject of controversy. It began in Feb. 1788. Arrayed against him was the united eloquence of Burke, Fox and Sheridan, and for seven years the proceedings continued. The chief charges were his share in the murder of Nuncomar (Nand Kulkarni), the robbery of the Begums of Oudh and the hiring out of British troops to make war on the Rohillas. The House of Lords acquitted him in April 1795.

His Majesty: King George III of England who ruled from 1760-1820.

his heir apparent: George Augustus Frederick, (eldest son of George III) who afterwards became King George IV of England and ruled from 1820-1830.

that religion: Christianity. Faith, Hope and Charity are the three cardinal virtues of this religion. cf.:

Who would have a throne above
Let him hope, believe and love;
Faith, Hope and Charity for him
Shall sing like winged cherubim.

THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN

JOHN RUSKIN (1819-1900) was one of the most distinguished writers of the nineteenth century. Besides being an eminent art critic he was a keen social reformer and a thoughtful political economist. His sincerity of



